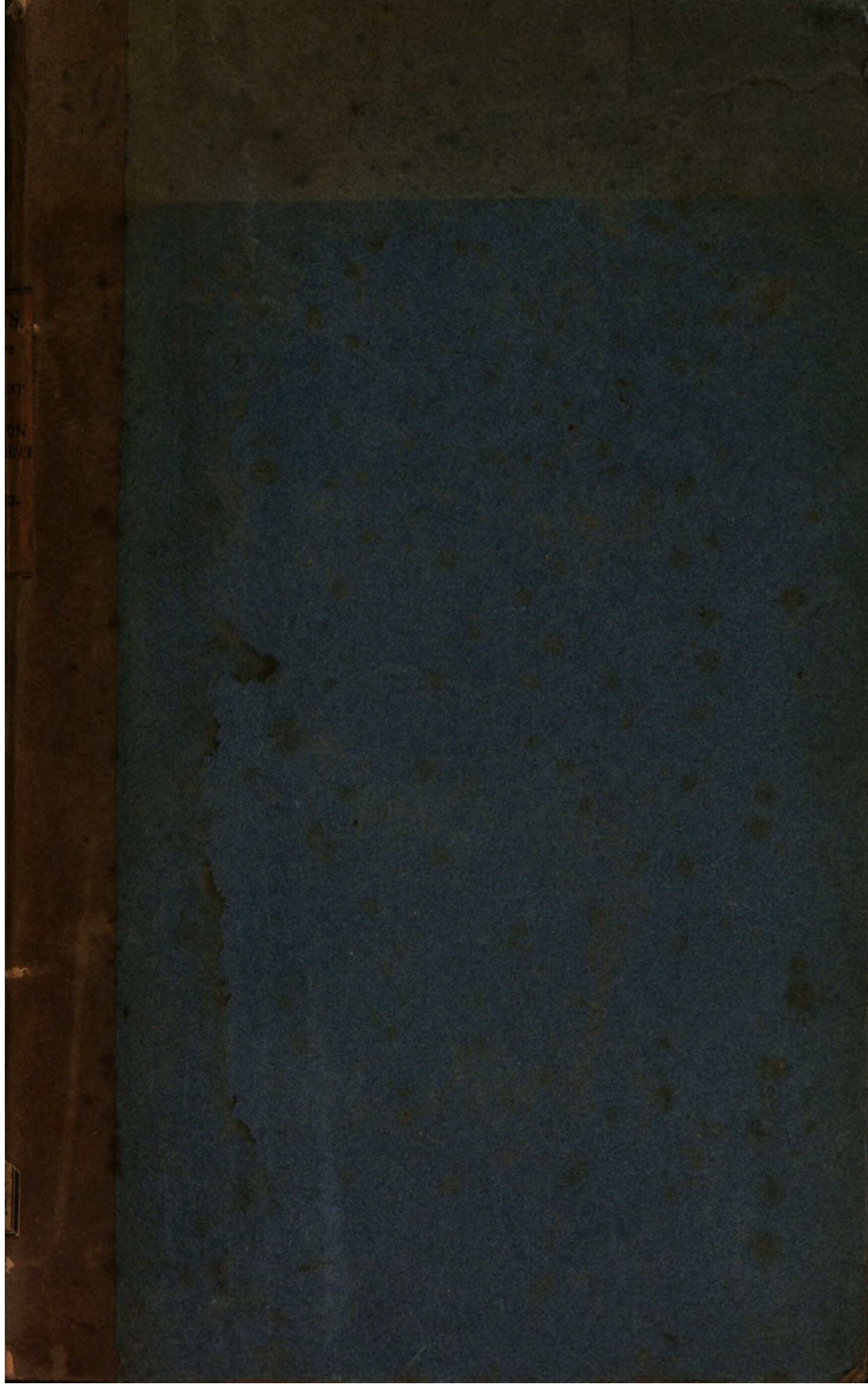




NT
ON
E

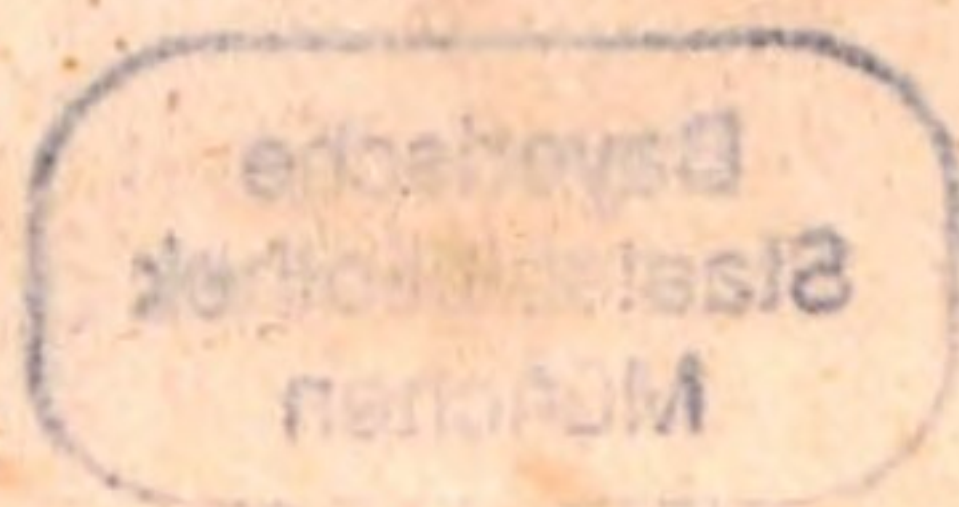
Gall. rev.

Facts

347^k

1000

FACTS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TREATMENT
OF
NAPOLÉON BUONAPARTE
IN
Saint Helena.



FACTS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TREATMENT

ERRATA.

Page 60, line 16, for "were" read "was."

Page 95, line 15, read "the moiety of a fowl per day."



Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München



I. Clark sculp.

LONGWOOD HOUSE from the FLOWER GARDEN.

FACTS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TREATMENT
OF
NAPOLÉON BUONAPARTE
IN
Saint Helena.

BEING THE RESULT OF
MINUTE INQUIRIES AND PERSONAL RESEARCH
IN THAT ISLAND.

WITH THREE VIEWS.

“ Ogni medaglia ha il suo reverso.”

PROV. ITAL.

“ D'un mensonge aussi noir justement irrité

“ Je devrais faire ici parler la vérité.”

RACINE.

“ —Tell truth and shame the devil.”

SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:

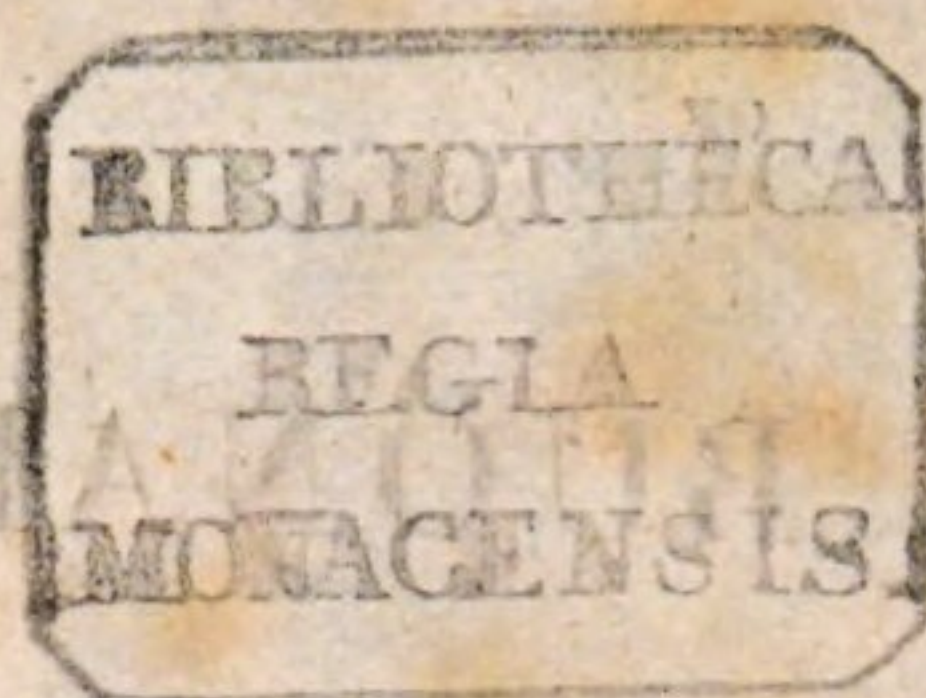
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM STOCKDALE,

No. 181, PICCADILLY.

1819.

FACTS

ILLUSTRATION OF THE TREATMENT



St. James's Palace

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES

IN THAT ISLAND

WITH THREE FIGURES

"The investigation is in the reverse."

Prov. Ital.

"The investigation is in the reverse."

"The investigation is in the reverse."

RACINE

"The investigation is in the reverse."

RESEARCH

LONDON

Printed by J. Brettell,
Rupert Street, Haymarket, London.

No. 181, Piccadilly

1819

STATEMENT OF FACTS,

&c. &c.

I HAVE been induced to give publicity to the following pages, from a desire to afford my Countrymen some information on that which cannot fail to be considered an highly interesting subject : The personal attainment of such information is, to them, rendered rare and difficult by the distance at which they are, by Nature, placed from the scene and object of my little work ; and if they feel as much in the cause as I do, I trust I shall be forgiven by them, for venturing to print, when I candidly avow my only object in so doing, to be that of throwing as much light upon the conduct of NAPOLÉON BUONAPARTE in his captivity, and on that of those appointed to hold him in custody, as minute inquiries made on the spot can possibly afford,

or the circumstances of the case with propriety permit.

Affairs, not “germane to the matter,” and in themselves wholly unimportant and uninteresting to the generality of readers, having thrown me upon the Island of Saint Helena, I determined to appropriate the period of my stay in the Colony to a close investigation of the treatment of that man, on whom for years the eyes of Europe were fixed as on a meteor,

“Sent to prove there is a Deity who rules the world.”

and having, during a long residence in foreign countries, met with several works on the subject, as well as debates in the upper House of Parliament, I confess it was not without a degree of pleasure that I found myself placed by circumstances in a situation, where, by comparing facts with assertions, I could fairly and dispassionately examine, and honestly report upon a case, in which, as I consider it, the honour of our Country generally, and the characters of its administration, and their representatives in Saint Helena particularly, are deeply and seriously involved.

Attention, in matters of opinion, to the feeble voice of an Individual, humble and unknown, I never should have had the vanity to have expected; but details of truths, plain and unvarnished, collected carefully, fairly, and accurately, at the fountain head, must have their weight in the scale of public feeling and popular judgment. In the following communication, I claim one only merit—**VERACITY**. It is to the correctness of my Statements I boldly pledge myself, and I **DEFY** ANY MAN BREATHING TO CHARGE ME, IN THE COURSE OF THESE PAGES, WITH **EQUIVOCATION, PERVERSION OF FACT, OR MISREPRESENTATION OF CIRCUMSTANCE**:—I have given my reasons for obtruding myself upon the notice of the World; nothing but the *nature* of the work I have undertaken would have emboldened me to commit myself so far; but, Seneca says, “*Quæ veritati operam dat Oratio, incomposita sit et simplex*;” and if it be allowed to say the same of a written narrative, I trust I shall deprecate the severity of criticism, by the humility of my pretensions.

The book I had most recently read on the subject of Buonaparte's treatment before my ar-

rival at Saint Helena, I met with in the Society-House at the Cape of Good Hope:—it is a work purporting to be letters from that colony, and addressed by Count Las Casas to Lady Clavering in London. The statements of unnecessary harshness and capricious tyranny, exercised by His Excellency Sir Hudson Lowe and his subordinates, towards the late Emperor of the French, with which that book abounds, re-kindled in me a dormant feeling of indignation towards the persons implicated, which had been originally excited in my breast by the speeches of Lord Holland, and other distinguished patriotic persons. There is in the pedigree of the noble Baron I have just mentioned, an illustrious name, which gives a certain importance to all he says in the cause of liberty; and I am free to avow, that my sentiments on this particular subject lost none of their weight, by the consideration that from the length of time which had elapsed between the debate in the House of Lords, and the date of Count Las Casas' letters, it was clearly evident that no change had taken place in the conduct of the Government, (at least the local government,) towards the fallen Chief. I therefore cheerfully

made up my mind to the task of an Inquisitor, resolved that no consideration should influence me in my progress, coupling with that determination another, which was, after collecting facts, to—

“ Tell truth and shame the Devil :”

and so I will !——

As my best guides in my search I took the Count Las Casas' Letters, and the “ Observations on Earl Bathurst's Speech,” in reply to Lord Holland.—The one work written by an old Adherent of Napoléon, the other forwarded for publication by an apostate Partisan. The result of my inquiries on the points alluded to in these publications I shall first lay before my readers.

As an Englishman it may perhaps be ceded to me, to consider eating and drinking subjects of no small importance; and I confess in the Count's assertion relative to the *animal* treatment of Napoléon, where he says, “ Food barely fit to eat is with difficulty procured,” there was something particularly annoying to the feelings. Common Humanity would prompt us not to starve the caged tiger, whose lawless roving in the search of prey we had

ourselves restricted. It was therefore with a full proportion of nationality in my disposition, that in the first instance I personally and minutely inquired into the quality and quantity of provisions furnished to the Longwood Establishment.

I can only say that, from experience, having several days partaken of beef, veal, and mutton, parts of the animals forwarded for Buonaparte's use, I do positively declare, that I never saw such excellent meat any where *out* of Europe, and very seldom tasted better *in* it.—The beef (by prescriptive right a British staple,) furnished by a man of the name of Barker, in Arno's Vale, would have done honour to an Alderman's Christmas dinner; the sheep (particularly the English breed,) thrive here uncommonly well, and the abundance of beautiful pasture, with which this "*barren rock*" abounds, gives to the meat a flavour extremely delicious.

Having vouched for the quality of two leading articles in a bill of fare, I subjoin an account of the quantity of eatables furnished monthly to Longwood;—the establishment consists of Buonaparte, Count and Countess Bertrand, and three

children (I believe), Count and Countess Montholon, and two children, six men servants, and the female attendants on the ladies.

The statement annexed happens to be of articles actually supplied during the month of June last.—I did not select it for any particular reason, but took it accidentally from a bundle of similar papers which I had access to, through the kindness of a gentleman to whom I mentioned the object of my inquiry. The amount, however, of each month's consumption is generally the same, with merely a variation in the minor articles supplied according to the change of season*.

* A similar statement, I find, has been published in England—the only difference I believe in the one annexed from that which has already been before the public, consists in the change of mode of supply.—Till latterly, the establishment at Longwood was furnished by a person of the name of Balcombe, at whose house Buonaparte first lived, and of whose daughters so many ridiculous stories were told by the Saint Helena anecdote hunters. This person, however, having left the Island, the duties of purveyor were placed in the hands of the chief Commissariat officer, Denzil Ibbetson, Esquire, by which change the comforts of the family are materially increased, and an equal degree of economy observed;—the profit necessarily allowed to Mr. Balcombe as purveyor, (who was also a merchant,) on articles purchased, not being of course charged by the Government officer.

*Items of Supplies furnished to Longwood in the
month of June 1818.*

Claret - - - - -	240 Bottles.
Vin de Grave - - - - -	60 ditto
Madeira - - - - -	30 ditto
Teneriffe - - - - -	150 ditto
Champaigne - - - - -	15 ditto
Constantia - - - - -	15 ditto
Cape Wine - - - - -	630 ditto
Ale and Cyder - - - - -	180 ditto

And as much draught Beer as might have been required.

Flour - - 100 lbs.	Candles - 240 lbs.
Rice - - 150 lbs.	Potatoes - 15 Bushels
Butter - - 300 lbs.	Sugar Candy 300 lbs.
Cheese - - 60 lbs.	Coals - - 1440 Bushels
Salt - - - 80 lbs.	Beef & Veal 1200 lbs.
Vermicelli - 45 lbs.	Mutton - 1500 lbs.
Maccaroni 45 lbs.	Bread - - 1800 lbs.
Salad Oil - 32 Quarts	Eggs - - 1080
Vinegar - 41 Bottles	Milk - - 420 Quarts
Lard - - - 60 lbs.	Pigeons - 30
Pepper - - 10 lbs.	Roasting Pigs 4
Mustard - 5 Bottles	Geese - - 8
Pickles - 6 ditto	Ducks - - 16
Olives - - 12 ditto	Fowls - - 240
Hams - - - 12	Black Tea 15 lbs.
Tongues - 12	Green Tea 15 lbs.
Soap - - - 30 lbs.	Rum - - - 2 Bottles
Wood - 20,160 lbs.	Twine - - 1 lb.*

Vegetables, Fruit, and Fish, as much as required,
according to the season.

Confectionary of all sorts, Liqueurs and Preserves, &c.
from Hoffman, included only in the daily accounts.

* I inquired why this article was included, and found it
was used for tying *pudding bags*!

Upon this Statement I made a remark, that the quantity of Champagne bore no proportion to the other wines;—and I found that Count Montholon, at Buonaparte's desire, fixed the quantity himself, as well as the number of Hams, it having been intended to have sent up more—but the remark of the Count to Mr. Ibbetson, the Commissary in charge of the stores, was, that more of either article would be useless.

I had the curiosity twice to visit these Stores at Huts Gate. Fitted up and arranged expressly for Longwood—they contained every article of the first quality from London: abundance of confectionary and grocery, and the best wines, cyder, ale, porter, and liqueurs.

Count Las Casas speaks of the badness of the bread and the water: the bread which is made expressly and solely for Buonaparte's establishment, of the very best flour, is excellent*; and the water pure, fine, and clear: one man's whole daily duty is to furnish Longwood with it, from the

* The bread I allude to is not even furnished to the Governor's Table.

spring near Doctor Kay's house. Although nowater-drinker, I took a tumbler of it at Longwood, that I might experimentally satisfy myself on every point on which I profess to give information.

There is something apparently frivolous in dwelling on such details, but as the charge of starvation is recorded, it is necessary to be thus minute in its refutation.

In the Observations on my Lord Bathurst's Speech, it is remarked, speaking of Napoléon, that, "*The Great Man is dying on a rock;*"—this decided falsehood is best and most pointedly answered by the evident fact, "that the *little* man is "*living on a fertile plain.*"—In these Observations, page 70, it is said, "The House of Longwood "is destitute of shade, water, and coolness:"—now the House derives its name from its contiguity to a long wood, which extends in a right line nearly four miles, the shade it affords being so luxuriant, that at three hundred yards distance the House is imperceptible amongst the trees, which spring healthily from turf as fine and fresh as ever was trodden. Mr. Las Casas says,—“ It was expected

“ they” (not WE) “ would have been lodged in
 “ Plantation House, a very handsome residence
 “ built by the Hon. East India Company for their
 “ Governor :”—by the same rule, had Napoléon
 Buonaparte been suffered to have remained in
 England, he might have considered Windsor
 Castle, or some other palace or public building,
 as a pleasant retirement for his Imperial Majesty ;
 for why a house, built as the Count Las Casas
 himself distinctly says, by a great public body,
 expressly for one of themselves, should be appro-
 priated to the residence of a foreign prisoner, one
 cannot easily imagine. However, so indulgent were
 our Government towards him, that application was
 actually made to The Honourable East India Com-
 pany for the use of Plantation House ; to which
 they answered, with an independence which shews
 that ministers cannot do exactly as they like in
 Saint Helena, that Plantation House was built
 by them for their Governors, and so long as they
 had a Governor there, it should be his.

It might appear by this application on the part
 of the King's Government to the Company, that
 Plantation House was infinitely superior to Long-

wood ;—this, however, is by no means the case. The Government House has in its interior arrangement, that, which any other house of the same *calibre* would have, in the hands of a superior well-regulated English family,—more of the *snug* and *comfortable* than the establishment of the Frenchman, who, in his whole dictionary, has no such two words, nor any fifty words, which by combination, could afford the same two meanings. But the *locale* of Longwood is decidedly the better of the two ;—the country surrounding it in every direction is beautifully adapted for riding or driving; the whole of which, to the extent of twelve or thirteen miles, Napoléon has the UNDISTURBED PRIVILEGE OF ENJOYING UNSEEN AND UNATTENDED. The motive for making the request for Plantation House I should imagine to have been the wish to have accommodated the prisoner immediately on his arrival, without the delay necessarily required for fitting up Longwood for his reception.

The account Las Casas gives of Longwood is pre-eminently absurd.—The raging wind of which he speaks, is the refreshing South-East Trade,

which renders the climate healthy and temperate, and the blights which accrue to the vegetation from its parching effects, exhibit their influence in a most surprising manner, in the luxuriant produce of a Kitchen garden; which, although the Count affirms “that no such convenient appendage ever *could be established at Longwood, covers at this moment about three or four acres of ground, within two hundred yards of the house,* and under the superintendence of a man of the name of Porteus, produces remarkably fine vegetables, for the excellence of which I can vouch, from the unquestionable authority I quoted in favour of Mr. Barker’s beef—*personal experience.*”

The drawing sentinels round the house at night, gives Mr. Las Casas great offence;—it prevents Buonaparte’s taking exercise at the only time it can be done in a tropical climate. In the first place, where the mercury ranges generally between 60° and 75°, Exercise may be taken at all times of the day, with no more personal inconvenience, or prejudicial consequence to health in a tropical climate, than in London or Paris; and

in the second place, in tropical climates, the interval between sun-set and total darkness is so short, that unless under favour of the Moon, it would hardly be desirable to take exercise at that particular point of time.

The drawing sentinels round the garden after dark, has, even should it be a little irksome, been proved to be by no means an unnecessary caution*; but it should be taken into the calculations of the *great* man, that no sentinels **WHATEVER ARE PLACED WITHIN SIGHT OF THE HOUSE DURING THE DAY WHEN THEY CAN BE VISIBLE TO HIM :** nay, such particular attention has been paid to his rooted antipathy (easily enough accounted for) to English red coats, that an objection having been

* Nothing could have proved more strongly the importance of having a guard near his person than the circumstances detailed in a long published account of Buonaparte's escape from Longwood, and almost miraculous journey to the *Beach*, (of which, by the way, there is none in Saint Helena) put forth by the faction : but unfortunately the whole of that remarkable history is of the same nature with most of their statements—wholly untrue. It is singular, however, that these persons at the moment they are censuring the local government for its unnecessary severity, illustrate their doctrine by a narrative, the only tendency of which must be to prove a too great laxity in the confinement of the prisoner.

started by some of his followers to his using the high road to James Town farther than Huts Gate, because there was an English picquet there, Sir Hudson Lowe instantly directed the picquet to be removed entirely out of sight of the road.—In a similar manner, it being supposed that the Barracks at Dedwood, although more than a mile from his lawn, might prove an unpleasant object from his windows, orders have been given to place them entirely out of his view, previously to his occupying the new house erecting for his residence.

Equal delicacy is observed in *seeing him*.—The Captain who lives at Longwood House is placed there nominally, NOT as a guard over his person, nor a spy on his actions, but as an *orderly* officer in *attendance upon him*, ready to accompany him should he wish to pass the limits of Country through which he may travel unattended.

The stories I have seen in some of the English papers about “*sighting him*,” are perfectly ridiculous; for so cautiously is the daily view taken of him, that unless he has been told the fact by his minion, it is very probable that he is as little aware

of the circumstance, as he may be of the signal which is made every morning and evening to the Governor, announcing his safety.—I insert a copy of one of these signals, which has the double merit of shewing the nature of the thing itself, and establishing the fact of Buonaparte's security up to that date :—

From Dedwood.

All is well with respect to General Bounaparte.

J. CLARKE,

S. M. (*Signal Man.*)

Wednesday Evening,

$\frac{1}{4}$ past 6, Nov. 25, 1818.

I have left Mr. Clarke's mis-spelling of the General's name unchanged, rather than invalidate the correctness of the *document* by the slightest alteration.

Another great grievance of which the Napoléons complain, is the interdiction of Newspapers. “Is it not,” say they, “with an apparent degree of plausibility, very hard that public journals, which

“are open to your active enemies, and the meanest
 “of yourselves, should be denied to us, restrained as
 “we are, and harmless as we must be here.” The
 answer is evident.—In the first place, Count
 Bertrand has openly declared, with a degree of
 complaisance towards our national character, which
 we could very well have spared, that he can at all
 times ensure the safe delivery of Letters to their
 address in Europe, without the slightest apprehen-
 sion of failure:—“For,” said he, “the first respect-
 “able looking stranger I meet in the roads, I shall
 “ask him if he be an Englishman; on his answering
 “in the affirmative, I shall beg to know if he be a
 “Man of Honour; if his reply (as I conclude it
 “will be) be in the affirmative also, I shall con-
 “fide my Letters to him, with a perfect assurance
 “of their safe conveyance.” The Count has suc-
 ceeded in some instances, and one in particular;—
 he will not, however, probably have an opportunity
 of trying the *Experiment* with the same person
 again.—But what if he do? say the partisans of
 Buonaparte—Buonaparte can tell his friends little
 more than they know already—that he is at Saint

Helena, and very likely to remain there *malgré lui*, and moreover, that he would rather be any where else.—To do mischief, replies must be had to his despatched Letters, and a communication established between him and his continental confederates—how so easily as through the medium of the public papers? To those who doubt this, I not only say, that such communications are possible, or probable, but I will tell them in plain, unqualified terms, that such communications have been made, and such a correspondence has been established. In the *Anti-Gallican!* Monitor, of ALL papers, one advertisement particularly, appeared on the 3rd of November, 1816, peculiar in its form, curious in its contents, and pointedly, and purposely placed in a most conspicuous part of a Journal, not, as I believe, ordinarily admitting advertisements. Now this advertisement will be seen on a reference, (which it is really worth while to make,) to be in cypher—the key is the Letter X. which stands amongst the figures, and the cypher was discovered several months afterwards at VIENNA!—This I offer without remark, as a fact illustrative of the use intended

to be made of an indulgence the Longwood people seem to insist upon, which I should think might stagger the advocates for the admission of Newspapers into their circle.

That the Foreign Residents at Longwood

——— velut ægri somnia vanæ
Finguntur speciès———

reckon on great results from the maintenance of a correspondence with Europe, may be gathered from the notions they have of the interest which their Idol every where creates :—Bertrand recently said, that “the whole world might fairly be divided into two great parties : the Friends and Enemies of *the Emperor*.”

All the complaints and protests, all the discontents and sulkinesses of Buonaparte, go to effect (if possible) a removal from the only spot on earth, whence escape is impracticable.

Las Casas has this object in view in all his Letters : “He would be much better off,” says he, “in a house in England or Scotland.” Now as to Scotland being a more congenial climate to a Corsi-

can constitution than Saint Helena, I much doubt it. As proofs that Saint Helena is positively and decidedly healthy, I adduce the children of Bertrand and Montholon—not children living in any other part of the Island, but at Longwood, in the house with Buonaparte, composing part of his family:—I never saw more decided marks of salubrity, than in the rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes of these little traitors.

Mr. Las Casas is rather unlucky in quoting in support of his statement of the unhealthiness of the climate, the number of deaths in the Sixth Regiment, inasmuch as that regiment never has been in the Island; it is evidently a blunder, and much of a piece with the bungling manner in which he betrays the real date of his Letters, by beginning his fifth Epistle from the Cape of Good Hope, May 8, 1817, with telling his dear Lady C. to “behold “him now at Saint Helena.”

The fact is, that Mr. Las Casas does not seem to have had the same advantages which Mr. Santini possessed, in the preparation of *his* work for the press. The production of the latter *gentleman*

was ushered into the world under very extraordinary patronage and protection ; no less than that of an ENGLISH GENERAL. We have lately witnessed an extraordinary event in the liberation of Lavalette by Sir Robert Wilson. However romantic his conduct must have appeared to all the thinking part of the people of England, still there was in the character and conduct of the enterprise, a bold and open daring, on principles sufficiently wild to astonish the ignorant, and sufficiently hostile to the interests of the legitimate government of France to charm the *patriots*. But what would these people say, if, turning from this political Quixote, I were to hold up to their notice a General in our pay—in our uniform—in the act of cherishing Mr. Santini, and putting his pamphlet into as good English as he was able, involving the national character of his own country ; stigmatizing honourable individuals, and deliberately giving the best colour to falsehoods, propagated in the cause of that man who avowedly hates England with his whole heart and soul ; who shuns, as a basilisk, the very sight of the uniform which that General wore, whilst fighting as

it were, with his pen, under French colours, and using, for no good purposes, the dregs of an Italian private soldier's brains:—to point him out to the People, would be to mark him as an object for their suspicion—not their confidence. I shall abstain from saying more;—he knows while he reads this paragraph, that I KNOW HIM; let him with moderation enjoy the advantages he has obtained, but let him beware of too much *patriotism*.

With the state of Buonaparte's health it was my active endeavour to make myself as well acquainted as possible; and I had the satisfaction of having a positive declaration made to me in Longwood House, that he had never been in better health since his arrival, than he was at the time I was there.—I saw him twice.—The trick of standing with his hands in his breeches pockets he almost invariably adopts, rarely altering their position, except to take snuff, or place them in the pockets of his coat. The strong peculiarity in his appearance which strikes every beholder, arises from the almost preternatural size of his head, relatively to his body and limbs. On the 10th of November he was in the *varhandha*

adjoining his billiard room, with a red night-cap on his head; and on the 12th of the same month, was walking and whistling in the same place, with every appearance of excellent spirits:—he did not come into the garden, because it was not his POLICY.

This policy of his, of which he speaks openly, and of which Bertrand and Montholon speak openly too, is the most downright, and least artificial piece of chicanery he ever adopted. All the fabrications about the pains on his chest, and the swellings of his legs, are so many political stage tricks, to keep alive the attention of *his half of the world*, and induce, if possible, the great event—REMOVAL.

It is of course well known, that since the demission of his favourite, O'Meara, he has refused to see Doctor Verling, the medical man appointed to the Longwood Establishment by Sir Hudson Lowe. Through Montholon, he has gone so far as to let the Doctor understand, that this stubborn invisibility on his part, is not the result of disrespect towards either his person or abilities. That the rest of the party

at Longwood have a favourable opinion of his professional qualifications, is evident from the fact of his being the constant attendant and adviser of both families ; but, as Buonaparte says, it is not his *policy* to see him, because he was not placed about his person by the Privy Council.

This manœuvre he considers masterly, because, were Doctor Verling admitted to his presence, and an acquaintance with his constitution, the fallacy of all his tales of ill health would of course be discovered : by the determination, therefore, not to see him, he, without fear of contradiction, puts forth stories of his malady, in which he feels certain of being supported by his late physician ; while, at the same time, he is enabled to complain that a medical man, in whom he has no confidence, has been appointed to attend him by an incompetent authority.

Instead of state Hepatitis and political Anasarca, were Buonaparte really to feel animal indisposition, I shrewdly suspect that the love of life would induce him to abandon his worldly *policy*, and call in the present *unqualified* attendant.

Buonaparte is no Roman:—It may be confidently relied on, that the man who could scamper from Waterloo to Paris to pack up plate, china, and table linen, as a fellow would rob his furnished lodgings, the night before he had made up his mind to abscond, will never allow himself to be seriously ill, without taking advice from a source which himself allows to be highly respectable, and on which all his adherents successfully rely ; nor kill himself by inches after his fall, when, with his views of religion, he might have ended his life with more *éclat* on the point of his own sword at the moment of his final defeat, and when he might justly have exclaimed

————— “ Nimirum hâc die
 “ Unâ plus vixi mihi quàm vivendum fuit*.”

EFFECT ! is all he appears anxious about, and he resolutely sacrifices a great deal of comfort for its maintenance. His determined abstinence from riding, with twelve of the best horses which could be procured, in his stable, from the doors of which, for twelve miles, roads have been made, expressly

* Macrob. Saturnal. lib. ii. c. 7.

for his use ; his relinquishment of gardens teeming with flowers, and in which he had caused an arbour to be built ; the refusal to play his favourite game of billiards, in his own house with his own adherents ; are so many proofs of his rigid devotion to that system of *charlatanerie* which he calls—*policy*.

This policy was brought into play lately by a particular attention paid to his wishes. — Sir Hudson Lowe, on a suggestion that the shade I mentioned at page 10, in the park at Longwood, was not so immediately close to the house that Buonaparte could bury himself in it, without passing along one walk from the billiard room through the flower garden (of the length perhaps of eighty yards), immediately offered to hire for him, as a summer retreat, the delightful residence of Miss Mason, within his private limits, about three miles from Longwood, by which one of the roads leads, which have been made purposely for him, and in the grounds of which there is, *close to the doors*, a deep wood, impervious not only to the “noon-tide ray,” but to human eye, where, unseen, he might from “morn till night” have enjoyed his sulkiness, in

all the luxury of solitude :—the offer was refused—
from *policy*.

During my stay in the Island, he had a little relaxed—shewn himself more frequently than he had done for several months before, and had gone so far as to send a message of acknowledgment for some favour, to the Governor. The least alteration in the manœuvres of a man like Buonaparte, deserves notice, inasmuch as it demands increased vigilance :—as he, and his adherents openly declare all his acts to be political, a change, however trifling in his behaviour, which savours of civility towards a man whom he has personally affected to despise, and who, in his memoranda on Sir Thomas Reade's letter to Bertrand, he designates by the curiously combined epithets of Coxcomb and Assassin, (the latter of which designations the English papers, for what reason I cannot divine, thought proper to suppress) is more likely to be the effect of a determination to commence a new system of circumvention, than the result of any proper feeling ;—no shift, no artifice, however mean, base, and contemptible in its nature, or worrying to

himself, has been wanting to induce the change of place of confinement; and it is curious to observe, wherever circumstances have been adverse, how entirely his assumed dignity of character and greatness of mind have abandoned him: not unlike the rider of a winning horse; while taking the lead of his competitors, one cannot fail of admiring the grace of his attitude, the firmness of his seat, and the command he has of the fine animal bounding under him;—see him passed—see him fall into the rear, all the elegance and self-possession which charmed, have vanished, and a scene of wriggling, twisting, spurring, and flogging ensues, with all the shabby manœuvres which bad temper, disappointed hopes, and lost ascendancy can suggest, or the *liberal* laws of the turf admit.

The cool bare-facedness with which all the French at Saint Helena speak of the system he has so long adopted, and of which it appears to me he begins to be weary, would, one might think, counteract any object they might expect to gain by an adherence to it.—In a conversation which Count Montholon had a short time since with the Marquis

de Montchenu, the French Commissioner, the Marquis (alluding to some attention which had been paid to Napoléon's wishes) observed, that they ought to be satisfied ;—"That," said the Count, "we never shall be, *here*,—it is not the *policy*."

The warm bath in which Buonaparte *stews* himself, as it were, for hours together, and the abandonment of exercise, might, in an unhealthy situation, have enervated and emaciated him ; but the excellence of the climate has *maliciously* defeated all his efforts to become interesting ; and in spite of his exertions, a more ungraceful, thick-legged, fat, little fellow never existed on the face of the earth.

Concerning his domestic habits, I made the minutest inquiries : my information must of course have been *hearsay* ; but it was gathered from the *best authority*. He rises about eight or nine, and, after breakfast, is employed either in reading, (in which case he usually establishes himself in his warm bath,) or writing, or sometimes in merely dictating to Montholon, who is actively employed as his amanuensis, in preparing his memoirs :—he

dines at three, or rather earlier—frequently alone; occasionally Bertrand and his wife dine with him; occasionally the Montholons; but for some time past, not together. After dinner, when not particularly sulky, he goes into the *varhandha*, or the billiard room, with which it communicates, and walks there with some of the little party till Coffee be served.

In alluding to the memoirs of his life, on which he is employed, another instance of his love of effect may be adduced.—When Las Casas was at Saint Helena, he officiated as Secretary; and, amongst his papers, when seized in consequence of his having violated the regulations, and smuggled away letters, were found two manuscript volumes of the History of Napoléon;—Buonaparte claimed them, and they were immediately sent to him;—on the receipt of them, without opening, he threw them both into the fire, and commenced his task of re-writing them, with renewed vigour and activity.

I have mentioned that the Bertrands and Montholons were latterly not invited to dine with Buonaparte together; I inquired the cause of this

cautious separation, and found that the ladies had quarrelled.

It brought to my mind the old story of the two men, who, having been doomed to take charge of the Eddystone Light House for three years, contrived to disagree; when upwards of two years of their term of banishment had expired, some visitor asked one of them how he liked living on the rock? "Why," said the fellow, "it might be pleasant enough with company, but partner and I haven't been on speaking terms for the last eighteen months."

I had the curiosity to inquire the ground of difference between the Saint Helena ladies, and was told it was jealousy:—on the bare mention of the "green-eyed monster," I thought I had discovered some new historical fact, when, to my utter surprise, I found that these fair ones, jealous of each other's mode of dress, stationed their *soubrettes* on the alert for the arrival of new millinery from James Town, and the lady whose *aide du chambre* was sufficiently fortunate to fall in with the consign-

ment, made it a point to leave none for the adornment of the other's person.

Should, however, any of my readers be at all interested in the little quarrels of these *soi-disant* Countesses, I can inform them that just previous to my departure, through the mediation of their husbands, a reconciliation, to a certain degree, had taken place; at least I saw the two families walking together in the road to James Town, on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 21.

Of these two Brentford Queens, Madame Montholon is the quieter and more amiable; Madame Bertrand has more the air of an *Intriguante*, (I mean a political one,) and sometimes tries her hand at the popular game of *effect*. — While I was in the Island, she borrowed *two shillings* of a soldier's wife of the name of Snell, to do some charitable action, and did not repay her for three or four days: *her policy* being to have it inferred, that, with the sweetest and most benevolent feelings in the world, she had no money at her disposal; this, considering they actually receive

four hundred pounds sterling per month, every article, either necessary, or of luxury being furnished them, is much of a piece with Buonaparte's political sale of plate, to pay household expenses, *with ten thousand pounds at command*, besides the favourite necklace of the Princess Hortense, of which *cadeau* he became master, much in the same manner as Mr. Warden did, in *his* turn, of Buonaparte's knee-buckles; which necklace, by the way, may have been disposed of, in a manner somewhat more profitable than being worn in a neckcloth.

As to the knee-buckles, it has been reported by some facetious story-teller in London, that Buonaparte took from his person a pair of those articles, and presented them to Mr. Warden, the Surgeon of the Northumberland, with a piteous political tale, that he had nothing else at his disposal to mark his esteem, regard, &c. &c. &c. It may be as well, for the better elucidation of this apparent partiality of Buonaparte towards the medical officers of our navy, to mention, that when Mr. Warden was on the eve of departure for England, he begged Las Casas to get him something belonging to Bu-

naparte to shew his friends; and moreover, that when the request was made, Las Casas went into Napoléon's dressing room, took a pair of his old knee-buckles, and gave them to Mr. Warden, of which little transaction the *great* man was ignorant then, and may be to this present moment for all that appears to the contrary: and for all that appears to the contrary, the said knee-buckles may have been Las Casas' own, and never have belonged to Buonaparte *at all*.

Whether it be this story, or others which have reached England, in which Mr. Warden is mixed up, which have irritated the people at Longwood, I know not; but General Gourgaud, previously to his departure from Saint Helena, publicly treated Mr. Warden's name with as little respect as the Quarterly Review has done, and added a threat more unpleasant to a man *personally*, than even the justice of literary criticism; for the General openly announced it to be his determination, wherever he caught Mr. Warden, to cut his ears off!—General Gourgaud, I saw by the Times Newspaper of July, has been in London; and as he has advertised himself to be living in Kenton Street, Brunswick

Square, any *interested person* might ascertain the sincerity of his intentions on *that head**.

I remember to have heard, that when Buona-
parte was at Paris, the chair in which he commonly
sat was cut and hacked in all directions: and a
French Gentleman has told me, that at Malmaison
he himself saw the remnants of nearly forty pen-
knives, which had fallen victims to his fancy of
stumping them, and sticking them into a large
mahogany table at which he used to write:—his
peculiar taste at Saint Helena is breaking wine
glasses, (as the repeated indents on a man of the
name of Darling will prove,) and which, when he hap-
pens to dine alone, he does in a very masterly style.

It may be necessary to remark, that whenever
the *great* man is particularly displeased, he has a
knack of drawing down the corners of his mouth
and *grunting*,—literally *grunting*. He commences
after dinner humming a tune, beating time on the
table with the foot of his glass; during this opera-
tion, thoughts of other days flash across his mind,
and the air and motion become more animated, till

* Since my arrival, I find that General Gourgaud has shewn
the cloven foot in England, and has been removed—so much
the better.

the reverie closes with one of his loudest grunts, to which sound the action is so vehemently adapted, that the glass falls a victim to his energy.

Of these grunts he is particularly profuse, when any former failure of his own is brought, however accidentally, to his recollection.—At one time his Cook conceiving himself ill used, proceeded to Plantation House, to complain to the Governor of the ill treatment he had received; Sir Hudson Lowe having heard what he had to say, considered the man to have been in the wrong, and ordered him back to Longwood; when he arrived, Buonaparte would not allow him to enter the house, and on his return back to Plantation, Sir Hudson immediately sent his own Cook to Buonaparte, begging that he would make use of him as long as he found it convenient; Buonaparte saw the man, whose name is Albey, and with his characteristic inquisitiveness, asked him what countryman he was, “A German, Sir,” said the Cook; “In what part of your country,” said the General, “do they speak the best German?” “At Leipsic, Sir,” said the Cook. Buonaparte uttered one of his fiercest grunts, and ordered Mr. Albey to be sent back to Government

House immediately, which he was, and Longwood supplied with a cook from the suite of Lord Amherst, who happened to touch at Saint Helena on his return from China. Now the chances are, that Buonaparte at some period may find it his policy to assert, that this man was instructed to throw Leipsic in his teeth, although the conversation was commenced by himself, and Mr. Albey is as matter of fact a cook as ever made *minced meat*.

On another occasion, Colonel Dodgin, of the Sixty-sixth Regiment, a distinguished officer, decorated with the Order of the Bath, and several clasps and medals, was introduced to him; he entered into conversation, and inquired about his services. The clasps told a good deal of the story; but in the continuation of his interrogatories, he asked the Colonel where he had served previously to going on the Continent:—"I served against you in Egypt, Sir," was the Colonel's reply; the rejoinder was a *grunt*, which put an end to the conversation.

It is evident that, to restrain the natural violence of a temper, which, while in the possession of absolute power, he allowed to manifest itself on all occasions, must require an effort. He must be

conscious that the paroxysms of rage, into which his cholerick disposition often betrayed him while on a throne, would only be ridiculous in Saint Helena, where his dominion is so curtailed, that the loss of two or three untractable *subjects*, would leave him bare of followers: the effect of smothering this flame is gloom and sulkiness;

————— Magno veluti cum flamma sonore
Virgea suggeritur costis undantis aheni,
Exsultantque æstu latices: furit intus aquæ vis,
Fumidus atque altè spumis exuberat amnis
Nec jam se capit unda—*volat vapor ater ad auras**.

the disposition remains unaltered, although circumstances and policy have rendered the results different. An anecdote or two, illustrative of his character when uncurbed and uncontrolled, I cannot refrain from mentioning here,—my authority for them is Marshal Augereau.

One day, while dining with the Empress Josephine and some of the Marshals, she being attended by her page and relation Mr. Senois, Napoléon finished his meal considerably sooner than Her Majesty, and rose to quit the room; he “stood not on the order of going,” but instead of passing down from his

* Virgil.

place to the doors, walked round behind the seat of the Empress, and uttering one of his grunts, gave Mr. Senois, who had stepped back against the wall to make way for him, a most violent kick, and then passed on:—Mr. Senois never received the slightest communication on the subject, nor, according to the régime of the Imperial Court, did he consider it prudent to make any farther inquiries:—The Empress, indeed, when she heard Mr. Senois utter a moan, asked what was the matter; on his telling her that His Imperial Majesty had been graciously pleased to kick him, the obedient consort appeared to know her duty too well to make any remark on the subject, either to her august spouse, or her degraded relative.

In a similar manner one of his pages, the son of a Colonel in his household, having brought Napoléon a letter which contained some unpleasant news, *His Majesty* having read the contents of the dispatch, gave its astonished bearer a most violent slap on the face:—the lad remonstrated with the rest of the pages, they advised him to bear it quietly, and on a reference to his father, he received the same counsel.

But *that* which I consider to be the most abominable littleness of malice I ever heard of, or could have imagined possible, betrayed itself in his conduct to his dear and so much lamented wife, the Empress Maria Louisa :—He had, previously to his going out one day on a sporting party, (in the Bois de Boulogne,) in which the ladies of the court joined, had a discussion with his fair consort; while engaged in the chace, Napoléon all at once proposed their dismounting and following the game on foot; the Empress pleaded a hurt which she had received a few days before, in her ankle, of which her spouse was fully aware :—“ *On ne me fait point question sur mes ordres, Madame,*” said the Emperor : she dismounted; and after several torturing efforts to continue with the party, sat down literally incapable of standing. This wound up his imperial rage to an awful pitch—deep it was, although silent,—he took no farther notice of the circumstance at the moment, although unable to conceal the workings of his countenance :

————— “ *nigrescunt sanguine venæ*
“ *Lumina Gorgoneo sævius ignè micant**.”

* *Ovid.*

In the evening the royal party were at Marshal Berthier's, at Gros-Bois; and in the course of the entertainment, after a dramatic exhibition, there was a ball. The Marshal solicited the hand of the Empress, who told him, that in consequence of her exertions to obey the Emperor in the morning, her foot was so much inflamed, and so painful, that she felt quite unable to dance. Shortly after, as Berthier was crossing the ball-room, Napoléon asked him why he did not dance; he replied, that he was in search of a partner:—"Why do you not ask the Empress," said Buonaparte;—Berthier stated that he had done so, and gave her answer.—"Bah!" "Bah!" said the illustrious man, screwing down his mouth, and grunting, "the Empress not dance?" —"I say she shall—take her hand—I *order her to dance with you!*" and, to enforce his commands, he actually seized her with a degree of personal violence, not perfectly consistent with the supreme good breeding of a courtly circle;—dance, however, Her Imperial Majesty did!

After this fact, for the truth of which I vouch, one might be apt to suppose that a good deal

we hear of the lamentable effects of Buonaparte's separation from his beloved consort, had its origin, like most others of his grievances, in *policy*. He abandoned one woman, whom he has confessed he really was attached to—from *policy*; and the display of fine feeling for the loss of the other, whom he married decidedly from *policy*, may be equally fictitious with most of the exhibitions with which he favours the world; unless, as it is said, the separation of two persons, “once linked in a “heavenly tie,” has the same effect on their minds while thinking of each other, that gazing on the far-off land of our fathers has upon the eye;—all the charms are present to the heart,—all the defects are lost in the distance.

The same spirit of contemptuousness which he displayed as Emperor, manifested itself in Buonaparte with respect to the Commissioners sent out to Saint Helena from the different continental powers. The ideas he entertained of them assimilated very little with those which they had of their own powers and importance:—they seemed to consider themselves ambassadors from their respect-

ive courts, rather than persons sent to watch a prisoner, who refused to see them, in their official capacity, or in Sir Hudson Lowe's presence.

The French Commissioner, the only one now resident at Saint Helena, is the Marquis de Montchenu, and he might as well be in Ispahan or Port Jackson, or any other more agreeable retreat. This nobleman, Buonaparte would admit to his presence on no consideration whatever; he abuses and ridicules him in the most unqualified and undisguised manner; and in a conversation with Mr. O'Meara, some time after the Marquis's arrival, Napoléon told him, that he always felt mortified for the honour of France, (with which, by the way, he has as much to do, as the Baron Neuhoff had with the honour of England,) when he saw men like the Marquis, employed by the Government; "for," said he, "the English must have a very mean opinion of the French Nation, when they see such specimens exported*."

I dare say, this said Marquis is a very honourable

* Buonaparte seems in his elevation, amongst other things, to have forgotten where he was born; in one of his proclamations to the French army, he calls France their common mother.—What could he have been thinking of?

man, and as well adapted for the post he holds, as any other person of his age and standing: but I confess, with the highest respect for the qualities of his heart, I was excessively surprised to see him one morning attend Count Montholon (who had called on him) to his horse, at the door of his house in James Town, shake him cordially by the hand, and separate from him with an unconstrained air of excessive friendship, when *he* himself was at the moment, as well aware as *I am now*, that Montholon was never backward in the Longwood Cabinet, to bestow epithets upon him, emanating originally from Napoléon, which, though adapted to the style and politics of an Ex-Imperial Court, are too indecent, as well as contemptuous, to appear in print before English readers.

This Marquis, as I said before, is the only Commissioner resident, at present, in Saint Helena. Count Balmain, a Scotsman, and Commissioner from Russia, after having knelt in vain to one of the sweetest of the Island belles, and received a refusal to his offer of marriage, which he could not *brook*, has gone on a tour to Rio Janeiro: the Baron Sturmer and his lady have also quitted the

Island,—the Baron not forgetting to take with him his valued rice likeness of Buonaparte, which he regarded with as much veneration as IF it had been presented to him by the Ex-Empress Maria Louisa herself.

The residence of these persons at St. Helena does not seem in the slightest degree necessary;—they are shut out by his whim and sulkiness from the opportunity of seeing the only person in the Island they have any thing to do with : and their presence in the colony, which must be irksome to themselves, and expensive to their respective courts, is with the precautions taken for, and attention paid to, the security of the Exile, as far as one can see, a matter of perfect indifference.

The only excuse which can be found for the capriciousness and freaks of Buonaparte, towards these said Commissioners, and indeed on all points connected with his jeopardy, where his great *policy* is out of the question, is the influence which the outlaw Bertrand has over him.—This fellow, whose insolence and absurd assumption of consequence are perfectly ridiculous, has the faculty of *romancing* with greater gravity and assurance than

the generality of his countrymen;—point blank denials of conversation, hardly dry on the lip, he considers fair stratagems: indeed, so completely is his character for *poeticising prose* now established in Saint Helena, that no officer having business to transact with him, will do it, unless in the presence of a third person.

His character as a man of honour, (I mean in the fashionable acceptation of the word) has suffered no slight tarnish, from an affair which occurred with Colonel Lyster. The being an old and valued acquaintance of Sir Hudson Lowe, was a sufficient reason for this officer's being marked for insult; and while he was resident at Longwood, Count Bertrand took upon himself to write a most scurrilous and abusive letter to him, the terms of which were by no means equivocal. — Colonel Lyster instantly called him out;—he refused to meet him; giving as a reason (I am told) that although in a staff situation, Colonel Lyster was not actually in the army. This is an agreeable evasion for a fellow who is an outlaw; whose life is forfeit, and who dares not to set his foot on the shores of his own country. M. Le Comte, how-

ever, did not choose to fight; and so apprehensive was he of personal chastisement in the streets of James Town, with which he had been publicly threatened, that he would not venture down to superintend the mounting of a carriage which had arrived for him from the Cape, and which, after remaining several weeks unopened, was eventually sent up to Longwood.

On my arrival in England, much to my surprise, I found that this carriage had been made the subject of a published letter from Saint Helena.—Of the statements contained in that letter, I have only to state that they are DECIDED FALSEHOODS. In the first place, the fact I have above mentioned, that the carriage was kept *several weeks* in its case, in order that Bertrand might have it mounted under his own inspection, (which fact I set down four months since) will prove that the vehicle did not create the violent sensation described, nor suffer martyrdom the “moment it landed.” In the next place, it so happens, that this carriage, which is a light phaeton, was taken out of the packing case, in which Harrington, the shopkeeper at the Cape had sent it down, in the

open square at ten o'clock in the morning, in front of the Government House ; and, that so far from the slightest damage having been done to the carriage in any way or manner, it was most carefully mounted and sent out to Longwood. The persons present at the time were Sir Thomas Reade, and Mr. Hooke, the Treasurer of the Isle of France, (who was at Saint Helena on his way home,) myself, two workmen, the sentry at the castle gate, two lads of the name of Tracey, and a young man, whose name at this moment I forget, who happened to be passing, and waited to see the operation of slinging it.

It may appear singular, that a circumstance then apparently of no weight, should have made any impression on my mind ; but the coincidences are so strong as to recal every minute part of the transaction to my recollection ; for the observation, that probably the linings might be used as a mode of conveyance for secret communications to Longwood, I MADE *to Sir Thomas Reade*, who happened to be standing near me. The remark produced only a smile, and that no measure was taken to ascertain the probability of the sug-

gestion I do most positively assert; and as positively deny, that any damage whatever was done to any part of the vehicle.—That it was not injured may be gathered farther, from the fact, that Bertrand, on its arrival, desired Captain Nicols, of the 66th, the orderly-officer at Longwood, to present his compliments to Sir T. Reade, and thank him for his attention in having had it mounted and sent to him. Now had Bertrand received his phaeton in the state described in the letter, “body, “pannels, and every atom of it broken to pieces;” it is not very probable that he (who is by no means inclined to be over-civil,) would have made his acknowledgments for the receipt of the fragments*.

Madame Bertrand, who, to do her justice, though long and lanky, and sallow and shapeless, is somewhat interesting, tried her influence over Dr. Verling,

* In justice to Harrington, the man I before mentioned, I ought to say, that in my remark to Sir T. Reade, I never meant to imply that he had wilfully connived at the importation of letters in the linings of the carriage: nobody (who has ever seen the man) would suspect him of a plot; but in designing hands, the greatest fools may be rendered equally dangerous with the most consummate knaves.

the medical attendant, on the subject of her husband's affair with Colonel Lyster; for finding that instead of being noticed by almost all the military men in their neighbourhood, her husband (whose policy does not lead him so cordially to hate red coats as his master,) *was universally cut* by them; she made an attack upon the Doctor to endeavour, by his interference, to effect a reconciliation between the Count and the Colonel.—His answer silenced all farther requests:—"Madam," said he, "I can have nothing to say on the subject: the insult was offered to Colonel Lyster in writing;—in writing the apology must be made; and only in writing can it be conveyed to that Gentleman."

Bertrand is still called by his wife and the nursery-maids the "*Grand Marechal du Palais*," and he and Montholon run like gré-hounds to fetch the *Emperor's* snuff-box from its ordinary resting place, the chimney-piece, whenever *His Majesty* indicates a desire to take a pinch. Now really this trait in the Grand Marechal du Palais, who has followed the man's fortune, and been raised

in his service from the plebeian rank of plough-boy to that of Count, would be rather creditable, if one did not recollect that he cannot desert his master advantageously. Madame Bertrand, with all her policy, has a certain share of the candour inherent in her sex, and occasionally lets slip expressions, which might be construed into an ardent wish to BE OFF! but having no convenient retreat to fly to, they most faithfully and patriotically remain where they are.

One thing struck me very forcibly in Saint Helena, which was the total indifference of all the inhabitants, as to Buonaparte's movements or pursuits.—His name is hardly ever mentioned in any Society, except occasionally in reply to the inquiry of some stranger on the subject; and I declare, that the only time I ever heard any *native* speak about him, was one day passing through that beautiful and romantic spot Sandy Bay, when I met a man loaded with beef,—I asked for whom it was destined; —“for Boney, Sir,” said he in a tone, which, coupled with the homely abbreviation of his *illustrious*

name, did not seem to indicate the slightest respect for his fallen greatness, or commiseration for his pretended sufferings*.

There is something in this consciousness of declining notoriety, which gives new energy to the discontents and complaints of Napoléon; for if they fail of effecting his removal, they at least serve to keep his hated name alive in our memories,—I say in *our* memories, for in those countries whence have been repeatedly culled anticipated conscriptions, or through which he has taken his ambitious strides to greatness, the childless parent, the fatherless orphan, and the houseless inhabitant, need no refreshers to recal to their recollection the fallen Tyrant,—to whom might fairly have been addressed the words of Rousseau :—

* This silence the writers of the opposite party, attribute to an apprehension on the part of the people, that their conduct may be misconstrued, and their conversations misinterpreted; but I aver, that it proceeds wholly from indifference, which indifference existed, even before Buonaparte's self-seclusion, when he was in the habit of riding about the Island, at which period he passed the dwellings of most of the inhabitants unnoticed.

“ Tigre, à qui la pitié ne peut se faire entendre,
 “ Tu n’aimes que le meurtre et les embrasemens;
 “ Les remparts abattus, les palais mis en cendres,
 “ Sont de ta cruauté les plus doux monumens.”

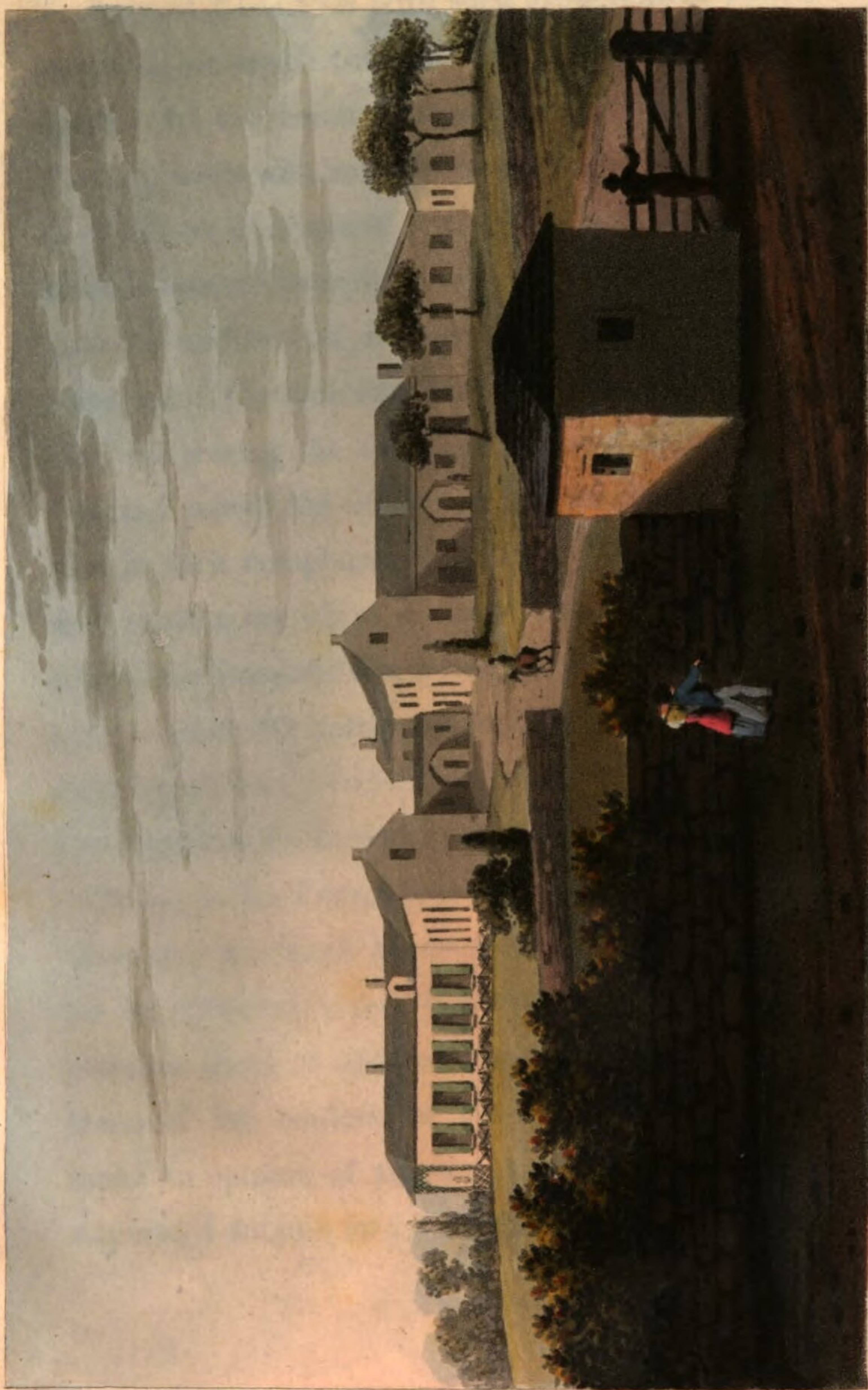
The last publication which has emanated from Longwood, is the Collection of Memoranda on Sir Thomas Reade’s Letter, to which I alluded cursorily in another place. All I had seen before, whether coming from an illiterate fellow like Santini, or a shrewd adherent like Las Casas, or in the shape of Observations on Earl Bathurst’s Speech, falls far, far short of these brief and pithy commentaries of Napoléon’s; there is a sort of satisfaction in having in these remarks, his opinion pure and ungarbled; and, thanks to truth, they are all and each of them as easily combated and defeated, as the effusions of any of his outlawed followers, or denationalized minions.

If I grow warm as I advance in my task, I have to entreat my reader’s forgiveness for my change of style: but I entered Saint Helena,—I commenced my notes on what I saw, influenced,—prepossessed in favour of insulted, fallen greatness, and pitying

Napoléon: those feelings, I confess, were excited, (as I before declared,) by the patriotic speeches of men, whose principles in the cause of freedom were known, whose hatred of oppression was registered, and who, I concluded from the liberality of their dispositions, the powers of their minds, and the numberless opportunities they must have had of procuring the best intelligence on the subject, had possessed themselves of the most correct information, before they with boldness and confidence espoused a cause, not the least delicate to handle in the political world.

That influence, those prejudices which I laboured under, have, during my stay in Saint Helena, gradually vanished before the sun of truth, and as the mist clears up in the progress of my inquiries, I feel warmed in the cause of those who have been attacked, vilified, and traduced.—But to the remarks.—

In the first place, as to the facts they contain, and the terms in which they are couched, it is hardly to be imagined how GREATNESS like Napoléon's could have descended to accompany



J. Clark sculp.

LONGWOOD HOUSE from the ROAD to DEDWOOD.

his flagrant falsehoods with such gross scurrility of invective, or couch them in such absurdly inflated terms. In the commencement of his choice production, while alluding to the removal of O'Meara, he hints at a criminal plot. The association of ideas is natural enough, not combined as he would have us understand, but as I shall take leave to point out. He murmurs that no house is built for him, reiterating the old story of the "Unhealthy Barn," which the illustrious foreigners have coupled in their complaints with the "Barren Rock," and made a cry of, in a manner similar to that in which our domestic disturbers of the public peace, couple words for particular ends, to which no solid meaning can be attached, and whence no rational inference can be drawn.

Now, as for Longwood, after my account of its situation, it cannot be considered unhealthy. As for its appearance and accommodations,—lest my plebeian ideas of comfort should not accord with those of my readers, or that I should have too mean an opinion of the wants and wishes of Buonaparte, I subjoin two Sketches of the house.

It is certainly not equal to the Thuilleries, nor are the gardens comparable with Versailles; but General Buonaparte will please to recollect, that when he inhabited palaces, he was where he had no right to be.—His residence at Saint Helena is such, in extent of convenience and advantages, as might, by a bounteous Sovereign, have been appropriated to a favored General, retired with honour from the legitimate service of his country, covered with wounds received in its cause; and I am apt, from a slight knowledge of the rate of pay of foreign officers, to imagine that it must have been a very highly favored General, of great interest and personal connection with the Continental crowned heads, who would, in addition to such a retreat, have received from his king a stipend of little less than twenty thousand pounds per annum to maintain an establishment.

Of the new house, which Buonaparte roundly asserts is not commenced, I also subjoin a View. For elegance and neatness, combined with real comfort in the plan and finishing, for beauty of situation, and fineness of climate, it is perfectly



J. Clark sculp.

THE NEW RESIDENCE OF BUONAPARTE. taken from the COTTAGE OF LIEU^T JACKSON. R.S.C.

unequalled in the Colony, and (for its extent) certainly not excelled in the Mother Country.

In the view of Old Longwood from the flower garden, it may not be uninteresting to some readers, to point out the private apartments of Buonaparte. The projecting part of the front contains the billiard room, and a drawing room; and at the back, in the body of the house, the *salle à manger*.—Three of the four windows on the nearer side open from the library, and the four distant ones from the bed room, and dressing room; behind these are the bath and an inner closet, in which Buonaparte's favorite valet invariably sleeps.

In the new house, the View of which is taken from the kitchen garden, between the gates and the cottage of Lieutenant Jackson of the Royal Staff Corps, the windows in the corridor give light to a drawing room and billiard room; the large window in the left wing opens into the library, a superb room of beautiful proportion, which, by a vestibule, communicates with Buonaparte's bed room, dressing room, bath, valet's room, and all necessary conveniencies.—The *salle à manger* is

in the middle of the house, and communicates with the apartments in front; the right wing, containing a capital suite of apartments, is, at his desire, appropriated to the Montholon family, who at present reside in that part of Old Longwood (plate 1), which appears from the road, with a pediment over four windows, opening to the park.

The distant buildings adjoining the new house, are the kitchens, stables, servants' offices, &c.—Count Bertrand's residence is not visible in the view which I have made, but stands within twenty yards of the gates, and has been fitted up for him very comfortably.

In his Note, Buonaparte says, or rather the translation has it, “ *They have made attempts* on “ my *Physician*, and forced him to resign, rather “ than remain here a *passive instrument*.” If any attempts were made upon Mr. O'Meara at Longwood, to render him a passive instrument, they were most likely made by the *great* man himself*.

* Till I arrived in England, this memorandum appeared to me inexplicable, nor could I imagine the inference which

But now, of this *Physician*, who, perhaps I ought to observe, is the volunteer surgeon of the *Bellephophon*, who accompanied Buonaparte to Saint Helena, much is to be said. Probably, before I reach my beloved country so much will have been disclosed, as to have anticipated many of my remarks, and superseded the necessity of my being explicit. However, to shew how much reason Bu-

Buonaparte intended should be drawn from it; but I was enlightened by a question put to me by a man endowed with a certain degree of common sense, and put to me with such earnestness, as really to induce me to believe him serious; this question was, Whether I had not heard in Saint Helena, that Sir Hudson Lowe had tampered with Mr. O'Meara to undermine the health of Buonaparte by art?

I could not have conceived such an idea to have entered into the imagination of any human being—it is hardly credible—for under the circumstances of Mr. O'Meara's demission, it is not very probable that he would allow such a transaction to remain in doubt a moment, nor pause to satiate his revenge on Sir Hudson, in the decided manner, proof of such an act would enable him to do. What motive Sir Hudson could possibly have for such a desire it would be difficult to surmise; for putting the *secondary* crimes of murder, assassination in cold blood, the violation of the faith of nations, &c. &c. wholly out of the question, policy would hardly lead one man to destroy another, purely for the sake of *losing twelve thousand pounds per annum*.

naparte has to lament the loss of a sincere friend, I shall merely mention, that a conversation took place at the house of Mr. Porteus, in James Town, a few days subsequent to the arrival of the Northumberland at Saint Helena, in which several persons participated, and at which were present, amongst others, a lady of the name of Knipe*. In the course of that day's dialogue Mr. O'Meara said, he considered NAPOLÉON AS AN OPPRESSED MAN, AND THAT IT WAS THE DUTY OF EVERY BODY TO ASSIST HIM. I ask whether such an expression,—if not *verbatim*, at least containing all the *pith* and *matter*, did not drop from Mr. O'Meara?—I answer, I KNOW IT DID.

I shall now call my reader's attention to a paragraph in the "SECRET HISTORY OF THE CABINET OF SAINT CLOUD," published by Mr. Lewis

* A name not soon to be forgotten at Saint Helena,—though, on this occasion, some persons would be as well pleased not to remember it.

"Against the blown rose, may they stop their nose,

"Who kneeled to the bud."

Shakspeare, Ant. and Cleop.

Goldsmith, once editor of an English Journal in Paris, and now, as I believe, proprietor of a paper called the *Anti-Gallican Monitor**, in which appeared the advertisement in cypher before alluded to.—In this Secret History, at page 18, “on ‘Treaties,’” is a paragraph containing a list of persons openly and fearlessly denounced, as having been employed by Napoléon to negotiate measures for a co-operation in Ireland, in case of an invasion of that kingdom by the armies of France; in which list appears the name of O’MEARA.

It would be highly satisfactory to the public if Mr. Goldsmith would inform them whether the Mr. O’Meara, of whom such honourable mention is made by him, as having been used “*pour espionner ses camarades*,” the most debased and contemptible of all spies, be any relation of Napoléon’s *Physician*, on whom attempts have been made at Saint Helena?—Goldsmith’s O’Meara is described as having been in the army;—Napoléon’s *Physician* was in the army too before he entered the navy:—why he quitted it, official do-

* I am inclined to believe this paper is no longer published.

cuments will shew.—That he has been also struck out of the navy, it is hardly necessary to add.

I do not pretend to identify the person; but should it be, and it is within the pale of possibility, nay, of probability, the *very individual*,—it would be a most curious coincidence.

And another most curious coincidence is, that Mr. *Lewis* Solomon, a jeweller and watch-maker, at James Town, (whose name, by the way, I believe not to be Solomon,) is an acquaintance, and may, for all I know, be a relation of Mr. *Lewis* Goldsmith; HE was also the intimate acquaintance of Mr. O'Meara, at Saint Helena, and was in the habit of furnishing newspapers for *his* PRIVATE AMUSEMENT AT LONGWOOD. Doubtless the person who inserted the advertisement in the Anti-Gallican Monitor, was well aware of this intimacy, and did not consider it unlikely that Mr. Goldsmith's *own* paper would be amongst those lent by his friend to the Longwood *Physician*.—To shew that Mr. O'Meara and Lewis Solomon were on terms of confidential correspondence, I shall take leave to mention an anecdote concerning a

snuff-box, which will, I trust, not prove uninteresting on other accounts.

The Reverend Mr. Boys, one of the colonial chaplains, some time previous to O'Meara's removal, being on the eve of departure for Europe, received as a gift from Buonaparte, by the hands of O'Meara, a snuff-box.—Mr. Boys felt very awkward in accepting a present from the foreigners, not through the medium of the English Government, and being obliged to sail without seeing O'Meara, he sent the box to his (O'Meara's) friend, Mr. L. Solomon, leaving it at his shop, with a letter for the *Physician*, telling him that he should be happy to take it if he could get it sent to him through the proper channel, as laid down by the Island Regulations on the subject: but that from *him* he begged to decline receiving it. At the same time Mr. Boys wrote to the Reverend Mr. Vernon, the other Island chaplain, acquainting him with the circumstance, and, I believe, requesting Mr. Vernon to obtain the Governor's sanction to the present.

The matter creating some surprise, Mr. O'Meara

was called upon for an explanation, which he gave in a letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Wynyard, the military secretary. In this letter, he stated, that Cipriani, Buonaparte's butler, having died, both Mr. Vernon and Mr. Boys, although the man was a Roman Catholic, attended his corpse to the grave; that Montholon was directed by Buonaparte to inquire what remuneration those gentlemen expected for their trouble, and that he, O'Meara, had taken upon himself to say, that no pecuniary recompence would be received by either of them; on which Montholon and he agreed, that a snuff-box should be presented to each of the clergymen, and twenty-five pounds to the poor.

This story, plausible and well arranged as it was (for Boys was gone), unfortunately did not reach the Governor, till Mr. Vernon had mentioned Mr. Boys' letter, which, in some degree, weakened the assertions made in it, by proving that Montholon had *nothing to do with the box*, which came direct through O'Meara to Boys; that Mr. Vernon, who had shewn equal respect to Cipriani's remains, had never heard of such a present being intended, and,

moreover, that the poor were *minus* their twenty-five pounds, said to have been promised by Montholon.

Mr. Vernon having mentioned the matter, proceeded to shew Mr. Boys' letter to Sir Hudson Lowe, and coming down to James Town for the purpose, one of the first persons he met was O'Meara, to whom he mentioned the circumstances as they had occurred, and his consequent business in town. "Written to you has he?" said O'Meara; "then he has taken the surest method in the world of ruining me for ever."—One thing remained to be done, and O'Meara tried it;—he begged Mr. Vernon to destroy Boys' letter, which he actually had in his hand at the moment.—Mr. Vernon argued the impossibility of doing such a thing, inasmuch as he had informed the Governor of his having received it:—"Destroy it for God's sake," said O'Meara, "or give it to me now, and I'll tear it up before your face, and then you can say it has been destroyed."—Mr. Vernon refused to do any such thing; "for," said he, "I have declared that I have this letter, and supposing I were now to equivo-

“cate, as you wish me and destroy it, what advantage would it be, since the contents are known verbatim by the Governor?” — “Oh,” said O’Meara, “AS FOR WHAT IS SAID, THAT CAN BE DENIED, AND I DO NOT CARE ABOUT IT, BUT WHAT IS WRITTEN, REMAINS AGAINST ME!!!”

This matter of fact detail of a conversation somewhat illustrative of character, I give as nearly verbatim as my recollection has allowed me;—what motive Buonaparte had in making the present to Mr. Boys, we have yet to learn, but there can be little hesitation in pronouncing the conduct of that Gentleman, in the instance of this transaction, exactly that which it ought to have been.

Mr. O’Meara’s friends at home, however, appear to have been more successful in their unintentional exertions to *ruin him for ever*, than even Mr. Boys; for shortly after the *Physician* had left Saint Helena, a letter, accompanied by a parcel of French Books, arrived from England, addressed to *James Forbes, Esq.*—No such person as Mr. Forbes being in the Island, and no person appearing at the house

of the *person*, where the packet was to be left till called for, that *person* begged to decline having any thing to do with the books; and, in order to ascertain to whom they ought to be forwarded, the letter accompanying them was opened by the proper authorities; when lo and behold, the Epistle, proving more than was necessary, began, "*Dear O'Meara.*"—This circumstance, had no other occurred, would have fully warranted the removal of the *Physician* from Longwood. Never was contrivance more bungling:—surely the man who would recognise a letter as being for him, under the address of James Forbes, would be equally aware for whom its contents were intended if it had been continued in the same name within*; but luckily for all good causes,

"Magna est veritas, et prevalebit."

* I find that the person who wrote this letter, and sent the books, has most openly and candidly avowed himself,—his frankness is very amiable, and loses not the least of its value, by the consideration that his name was perfectly well known at Saint Helena five months ago: why the masquerade style of correspondence should have been adopted I do not so clearly perceive; there are doubtless good reasons for it, and strong ones too, which could induce a *Physician* like Mr. O'Meara, to tack an *alias* to his name.

and Providence so ordains it, that the omissions of plotters themselves, oftener discover the most infamous conspiracies and machinations, than the exertions of those conspired against, or the most rigorous search the law can institute.

I would ask any man, by way of reply to Buonaparte's complaints about Mr. O'Meara, or Mr. O'Meara's complaints about himself, whether the Governor of Saint Helena was not fully justified in removing from attendance on his prisoner, a man of whom we know so much, (DENY IT WHO DARE !) and of whom doubtless he knows *much more*.

As for the bulletins issued about Buonaparte's health, to deceive the Prince and the People of England, I confess I never heard of them. Had Doctor Verling seen him, and issued accounts contrary to truth, they might have had (supposing it worth while) the effect of a *temporary* deception, or at least indicated a desire to deceive; but, as Buonaparte states that he has never seen the Medical Man, and the Medical Man says precisely the same thing, of course the Medical Man is not

very likely to take upon himself to say any thing more about him. General Buonaparte should know that it is neither in the nature nor power of the English Government to deceive the people on such points:—even were it their policy,—the Constitution of the Country does not permit it.—He judges of the possibility of concealment from his personal experience in Government;—but not all the influence of the King of England, Lords, Commons, and Ministers, can stifle the voice of truth;—what would be the object if they could? Buonaparte's object every body must see through;—to be removed from Saint Helena:—if he chose to submit himself to medical advice, the real state of his constitution would be easily ascertained;—that he is anxious for more reasons than one to conceal. In short, in the persiflage of his eighth note, he is, if possible, more incomprehensible than in his fifth and sixth, in which he makes assertions unsupported by any fact whatever, and neither gives us a reason for what he says, nor an explanation of what he means. He states that he is hindered from using horse exercise, by having the uncontrolled privilege of riding; that

from being permitted to receive company, he is debarred from seeing visitors; and in the eighth note he tells us that he is deprived of medical advice, by having a Doctor of Physic in attendance on him: he next complains that this Doctor is ignorant of his constitution and disorder, and then, lest he should be better acquainted with them, which would remedy that grievance, he positively refuses to see him. Now, as I before said, the publicity of the fact which he mentions, and which doubtless is as notorious in England as at Saint Helena, that he has not yet seen Doctor Verling professionally, puts it out of the power of any human being, (supposing such a thing to be wished,) to impose upon people by bulletins, or professional intelligence of Buonaparte's health, of which nothing can be known farther than can be collected from the casual view taken of him by the orderly officer at Longwood, the testimony of those in attendance on him, or his general appearance when he condescends to come out. In short, the whole of the production is a string of Paradoxes, which the great Author leaves unexplained and unenlightened, and

when dispassionately looked at with facts, resembles more the senseless sputterings of a fretful child, than the rational remonstrance of A SUFFERING HERO.

He says, "They indulge in a *ferocious smile* at "my increased sufferings." They,—who does he mean? not the commissioners, for reckless of their frowns or smiles, he has never seen them:—it must be either Sir Hudson Lowe, the ASSASSIN, for whose public punishment he calls, or Sir Thomas Reade,—who, to do him justice, is very frequently smiling, how ferociously, those who know him best can best determine. That I came into Saint Helena prejudiced by various publications against Sir Hudson Lowe's system of government, and consequently in some degree against himself personally, I have before avowed. I knew nothing of Sir Hudson,—or had ever seen him. Conformably with the intention of searching after truth, which I mentioned in page 5, the view I took of his conduct was a strict view—a jealous view; it was not with the anticipation or desire of finding out good traits in his character;—it was in the expect-

tation of discovering and exposing bad ones, that I commenced my scrutiny,—I let no opportunity slip of carrying my point.

When I say that I resolved to examine a Governor's character with the determination of finding fault, I would be understood distinctly to mean *not* that I went into a Colony with "malice prepense and afore-thought," to accuse or criminate; but that the general impression which had been made upon my mind by the *still unanswered* assertions of persons, in some cases individually respectable, and *in all* evidently possessing information on the subject of which they treated, was, that in the course of my inquiries I should have seen such conduct as would have called upon me to speak in terms of reprobation of the Governor's conduct towards his charge.

Had not the merest chance in the world placed me on Saint Helena, Mr. Las Casas' description of Sir Hudson Lowe's character, on which I founded my opinion, coupled with Napoléon's stronger designations, would have remained impressed on my mind as a resemblance. I should have seen

the tyrant keeper worrying his captive through the gratings of his den ; and led on by the writers of the opposite party and the force of imagination, beheld him pursuing his system of torment, till his exhausted charge gave up the ghost, and “ BE-
 “ QUEATHED THE OPPROBRIUM OF HIS DEATH
 “ TO THE REIGNING HOUSE OF ENGLAND !”

It must be confessed that one of the minor evils attendant on that constitutional blessing, “ the
 “ freedom of the press,” is the weight which published assertions have on the mind until replied to ; and a greater evil for that part of the population of England, who, like myself, are led by what they read, is the apathetic indifference which our Government, at home and abroad, universally display for the literary labours of their opponents.—It is true that men, conscious of their innocence, disdain such attacks, and in their own circle stand honourably acquitted : but a work like that of Mr. Santini, or Mr. Las Casas, or the Observations on my Lord Bathurst’s Speech, goes into the world, and how can I, or thousands of humble subjects, not in the secret, be aware of the fallacy of things set forth in

such publications, unless it be pointed out in some equally public manner; and the contradiction of equally easy access, disseminated amongst an equal number of unenlightened people.

It was for the want of some such refutation that I became completely bigotted against the proceedings at Saint Helena, and the principal persons concerned, without knowing any thing about them, more than I had gathered from these demi-official although anonymous works;—what then was my surprise to find in the man characterised by Buonaparte and his adherents, both in the Colony and at home, as a tyrant and an assassin, a being not only amiable in the highest degree in private life and general society, but with a rigid sense of duty, feelingly alive to the peculiar situation of his prisoner, and actively employed in the contrivance of comforts for him. A day scarcely passes in which Sir Hudson Lowe is not personally superintending the building of the new house at Longwood, nor in which he does not endeavour, with perfect regard to his captive's security, to contribute to his accommodation.

Let us see how Sir Hudson Lowe fulfils all the social duties of life, as father, husband, and friend;—trace him into the bosom of his family, surrounded by all the beauty, accomplishments, blooming gaiety and healthful innocence of its various branches;—let us, while we contemplate this excellent man in his domestic circle, remember the noble traits of munificence which have marked his conduct during his government; and then for a moment imagine, the heart in which valour, friendship, and charity flourish, the soil for feelings which could induce him to aggravate wantonly and unnecessarily the pains and privations of a prisoner committed to his charge.

The instances of Sir Hudson Lowe's munificence to which I have alluded, I could easily record, but the feelings of others are to be spared. Justice demanded that I should say thus much, delicacy forbids my saying more.

Why Buonaparte, in referring to the great question of the right of England over him, should mix up Sir Hudson in his observations and attacks, no better reason can be given, than for the personal

animosity (now so fashionable) of convicted criminals toward the judges who pass sentence on them for violation of law, previously proved to the satisfaction of a jury:—nay, Buonaparte can have hardly so much cause for his violence as those men; for neither was the question of his confinement submitted to Sir Hudson, nor the sentence conveyed to Napoléon through him.—All these matters were settled by higher authorities than either Generals Lowe or Buonaparte; and the result was, that the latter was declared a prisoner, and the former appointed to the important trust of keeping him one.

How these persons could come in contact personally, it would be difficult to find out; save, that it formed part of Buonaparte's *policy* to quarrel even with the representative of the English government. He must know what the Governor's duty is in Saint Helena, and one would think, as a disciplinarian, he would, if he had one grain of candour or generosity in his composition, esteem the man who fulfilled that duty scrupulously and conscientiously. On one occasion when Sir Thomas

Reade, (who is Deputy-Adjutant-General,) went to him to make some communication, Buonaparte began, with his characteristic impetuosity, to foam and grunt, on which Sir Thomas told him, that he hoped he would not fly into a passion; that such an order was given, and that his duty was merely to convey it to him. Buonaparte curbed his violence, (which, by the way, was not likely to have made any very forcible impression on Sir Thomas, if he had not) and said, “True, true,—you are a soldier—you have only to obey.” If he were to apply the same words to Sir Hudson, he would probably consider his conduct in a different point of view from that in which he appears to regard it now; or rather, he would confess what his real feelings towards him were;—those, I mean, which his *policy* induces him to conceal; for as to his considering himself tyrannically treated, sincerely he DOES NOT—HE CANNOT; but it is in *his* mind the game to play, to work upon the generosity and humanity of the English nation, and induce the people to call for his removal from his distant jeopardy;—like Philoctetus calling on Pyrrhus to

rescue him from Lemnos, he is careless of the mode in which he is to be relieved; and as he considers the end to justify the means, would submit to every possible artifice and stratagem to get any where else:—

“ ————— Tire-moi des lieux où ma misère

“ M’a long-temps séparé de la nature entière ;

“ Jette-moi dans un coin du vaisseau qui te porte,

“ A la poupe, à la proue, où tu voudras,—*n’importe**.”

One circumstance strongly marks the general character of the Longwood *Court*.—In the recapitulation of all their grievances, or the enumeration of their wants and wishes, none of them have ever expressed the slightest desire for religious assistance. On their departure from England, Madame Bertrand called for cards, and the illustrious Napoléon for a back-gammon board, but none of them ever thought of a spiritual comforter.

When Emperor of the French, Napoléon attended Mass with a brace of Cardinals at his chair’s back, posted there to turn over the leaves of his book. One day, when Cardinals Fesch and

* La Harpe.

Caprari were on this honourable duty, and Buona-
 parte had been wholly inattentive to the service, he
 called an Aid-du-Camp, desired his carriage might
 be drawn up, and the drums beat for his departure ;
 this was done ; he immediately rose, and, *selon la*
règle, every body else in the church rose too.
 Marshals, Princes, Bishops, Cardinals, Judges, and
 Ladies, all were on their feet in an instant, to pay
 respect to the Emperor. All the Court attended
 his Imperial Majesty to his coach-door, where he
 relieved them from attendance, desiring them to go
 back and pray ; and the Court having accordingly
 bowed and fawned, and smiled and humbled them-
 selves to the *Emperor!* returned in due order to
 complete their *secondary* duty to GOD !

His perfect carelessness on the important subject
 of Religion, now, proves the *sincerity* of his con-
 duct then, and completely establishes him as one
 of those, who, Molière says—

“ ————— par une âme à l'intérêt soumise,

“ Font de devotion, metier et marchandise,

“ Et veulent acheter credit et dignités,

“ A prix de faux-clins d'yeux et d'élans affectés.”

of which order of personages England herself, by the way, possesses no small number at this present moment.

One would think, however strongly the seared conscience of Napoléon might hold it out without the aid of religion, that the Bertrands and Montholons, who have families growing up around them, would feel some anxiety upon this subject; superadded to which it is surprising that no demand has been made for a Roman Catholic Priest on the score of *policy*—as it might, if refused, be a fresh cause of complaint; and if granted, be the means of introducing into their circle a personage who would, if well educated, and well recommended by some of the Ex-Emperor's *political* friends in England, be found, by no means an useless addition to a family, where deception and intrigue are the orders of the day.

The sabbath is marked at Longwood by no other form or ceremony, than the observance of so much of the Decalogue as directs abstinence from labour. Buonaparte does not write or employ Montholon on Sundays;—no other distinction is made, and it

is really melancholy to see a community, than whom none of GOD's creatures more require the aid of religion, passing their hours not only without the fulfilment of its external forms, but apparently having lost sight of the necessity of its duties, and the comfort of its observances.

Several works, I believe, have been written, which treat of Saint Helena, although I do not recollect to have seen any of them, and I do not profess to give any account of the Island as a traveller; yet, as in all the letters, papers, remarks, memoranda, and observations of the Napoléons, they are pleased to call it "a barren rock," I shall take leave to say so much upon the subject, as may tend to undeceive those persons who have formed their opinion on this erroneous designation.

On an approach, the island has nothing to recommend it. Any hopes a very sanguine man might however form on making the land, are crushed on a nearer view at the anchorage; the brown barren fronts of the almost perpendicular mountains (surrounding James Town), on whose rugged soil nothing seems to thrive but cannon,

impart but one idea—that of a natural fortress of stupendous size, formed by the hands of Providence as a place of confinement for some general enemy of mankind. Madame Bertrand, on her first view of it, was stricken with a notion, which, very French as it is, has some humour in it; she, (as I believe it is generally known) attributed its origin to a source little less romantic, though somewhat less elevated than that to which I have traced it ;—“ *Le diable,*” said she, “*a——cette isle en volant des cieux,*” which though extremely *naïve* while rolling over a French Countess’s lips, I would rather not repeat *verbatim*, lest it should meet some less exalted Englishwoman’s eye—such is either the habitual difference between the females of France and those of England, or such my *unfortunate* prejudice in favour of the good taste and delicacy of my own country-women.

On landing at James Town, the prospect is pleasingly changed and presents to the eye a remarkably neat, well-built, though small town.

Proceeding into the country, by either Side Path or Ladder Hill, the stranger is completely surprised,

after travelling three miles, to find himself at the height of twelve or fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, in a most luxuriantly fertile country. For miles on every side the eye rests on valleys of the most beautiful verdure, thickly studded with highly cultivated farms;—the road from Plantation House to Sandy Bay, one of the most lovely and romantic spots in the world, winds through European hedges of hawthorn and blackberry bushes, and at Kason's Gate brings the traveller to a view almost unequalled for boldness of scenery, richness of foliage, verdure, and cultivation; so strong a contrast of country, and so varied an assemblage of objects, are rarely, if ever concentrated, as in the prospect from the hill above Mr. Doveton's villa at Sandy Bay *.

* Of the unsophistication of the *Saint Helenians*, or, as they are called, the *Yamstalks*! Mr. Doveton, a native, and for many years *Member of Council*, affords a living example, not less extraordinary than the Lady of the Island, who inquired whether London was not very dull after the *China Fleet* had sailed!—This Gentleman, almost immediately on his arrival in Town, happened accidentally to meet Lady Pulteney Malcolm, in one of the streets of the City; rejoiced at recognising a well-known face, he addressed her, but finding the

The whole of the country, from this spot round to Rock Rose Hill, where a romantic cottage belonging to the widow of Captain Barnes, offers its hospitable shelter to the weary traveller, is literally superb, and the fine bold view stretching to Prosperous Bay, is beautifully contrasted with the verdant sweetness of Arno's vale, and the cloud-topped wood on the summit of Diana's Peak; hence gaining the road to Hut's Gate, and passing along the range of country, by the road made expressly for Buonaparte, the eye is gratified with an entirely new and lovely prospect,—the house and grounds of Miss Mason. Ross Cottage with its shady ponds and drooping willows, and Prospect Hall, on its rising terrace, enliven the deep vale round which the way

crowd rather troublesome, he asked her whether they had not better wait to converse till the *procession had passed*!— And another native, a Lady, on landing at Gravesend, asked the first person she met on the shore, if he could tell her whereabouts in the Island *Major Pery* lived. Since my return to Europe, Mr. W. W. Doveton has received the honour of Knighthood; and never was mark of favour bestowed more likely to be gratifying to a community, than this, to that, in which, for amiability of disposition, and goodness of heart, he has been so long esteemed.

leads.—Turning on the right, towards Longwood, an entirely different face of country presents itself, and the bold ravine, known by the name of the Devil's Punch Bowl, (or, as General Gourgaud used to call it, “*the Devil's bowl of punch*,”) forms a grand and decided opposition to the verdant Race Course and Camp Ground of Dedwood, and the Park and Plantations of Longwood House, which stands in a commanding situation, on the right hand of the road, from which it is distant about a quarter of a mile.

Returning towards Town, a cottage near the Alarm House, belonging to Sir Thomas Reade, meets the eye: (this post is the boundary of Buonaparte's rides unattended, on this side of the Island :) good taste and great attention, are fast rendering this once barren spot richly fertile, and it soon promises to vie in luxuriance with the residence of Mr. Brook, the Chief Secretary, which is placed on the other side of the hill.—From this spot looking towards Plantation House, the eye traverses another tract of highly cultivated country, and the villas of

Sir George Bingham, Mr. Desfontaine, and others, diversify the view with the different coloured foliages in which they are half buried.

Plantation House is a comfortable residence, placed on an extensive lawn, and surrounded by a profusion of magnificent trees:—here the bamboo of India, the oak of England, and the pine of Norway flourish together, and form a novel and charming embellishment for the retreat of the Governor from the cares of business.

In the course of a wandering life, I never saw so great a variety of objects combined, as are thrown together in Saint Helena.—The bold and imposing appearance of High Knoll, rising from a calm and lovely valley; the rich softness of the verdure, opposed to the brown and barren rocks which skirt the shore, and here and there intrude themselves on the sight; the well-stocked farms mingled with patches of country evidently volcanic, and the magnificent extent of horizon which bounds almost every view, render the Island of Saint Helena, so far from being an uncomfortable or un-

pleasant residence, a retreat replete with interest and attraction. Under the government of Sir Hudson Lowe every spot, where cultivation can be introduced, is growing into utility; and taken altogether, there can be no hesitation in pronouncing the colony to be so rapidly improving, that in a few years, under the same system of encouragement, it may be independent of any foreign aid for supplies of grain; at least it is fair to imagine so, judging from what has been done already, and what is actually doing: should this be achieved, no power on earth could subdue the possessors of Saint Helena.

It has been erroneously supposed, and indeed stated, by Mr. Las Casas, that the Island is injured by being the residence of Napoléon;—it is, probably, the only country which has not suffered from his presence. Two or three shopkeepers in James Town, feel the difference, inasmuch as since his detention, the East India Company, with their acknowledged liberality, have established stores, whence the military or others, are supplied with

all articles of English or Indian produce, at a moderate rate. This destruction of a monopoly, carried on in its full vigour by the tradesmen of the place, while ships were in the habit of touching here, lessens their profits, and the interruption of the American trade is also felt by them: but the inhabitants of the country, generally, the farmers and planters, are greatly benefitted by the influx of troops, and of the *détenus* themselves, from the increased demand for all the necessaries of life, and the consequent encouragement given to industry and labour*.

Of the excellence of the climate it is only necessary to adduce, as proof, the general appearance of

* The Letter about the carriage, which I have before noticed, contains a statement of a debt due from the people at Longwood, which the tradesmen cannot get hold of, from the fact of their being prohibited from having any communication with the servants of the establishment;—this is a very curious reason for a delay in the payment of this imaginary debt, for Marchand, Buonaparte's Valet de Place, is generally in James Town two or three times during the week, and in all the shops in the place making purchases, and executing commissions for his *great* master.

the inhabitants.—The men are commonly powerful and athletic; the women, healthful and robust: the younger females are most bountifully furnished with *feminine* attractions,—the figure of a girl of fifteen in Saint Helena, is that of a mother at thirty any where else; and as for women of a maturer age, it really appeared to me, as if one of the treaties mentioned in the Spectator, had taken place between them and an opposing male army, about eight months before my arrival, for I cannot at this moment call to mind having met one individual female of a certain standing, who was not

“As ladies wish to be, who love their lords.”

In the town, as well as the country, improvements are making;—a new sessions house and prison, a new guard room, and an assembly room, are about to be constructed, which will add to the appearance, security, and amusements of the little capital of the Island: new batteries are also erecting at certain parts of the coast. It struck me as curious, that not so much attention appears to have

been paid to the strengthening one position, as its importance seems to deserve;—I mean Rupert's Hill. This mountain rises nearly perpendicularly from the sea, and separates James Valley (in which the town stands) from Rupert's Valley;—from both sides it is unassailable :— a fort capable of containing from two to three hundred men, erected on this hill, would command the two valleys, the town, and the whole of the anchorage. It is approachable only from the interior, by a narrow path over a steep ridge of country, between two ravines, which can only be gained at a distance of three miles inland, if the land side were fortified, a fort on the height would be invulnerable. It is true, it might be commanded on one of its flanks by Ladder Hill, but not within breaching distance: there are probably some weighty reasons for not taking advantage of this spot, which, being no engineer, I am unable to discover; but, to a person unskilled in arms, it seems a most formidable fast hold, and fully as worthy notice as any other point in the Island.

Although not strictly within my province, or the

object of my search, I cannot avoid touching here, on the subject of the pay of His Majesty's Naval Officers, in the Colony of Saint Helena.

From the exorbitancy of the price of every article of life in the Island, and on the general system of liberality in all pecuniary matters, uniformly acted upon by the Honourable East India Company, the whole of the Military Officers in the garrison, receive an allowance exactly doubling their pay, and this, with a few variations in the *mode* of payment, is the case universally wherever the King's troops are in the Company's territories: in the same manner the commanders and officers of His Majesty's ships on the India station, receive similar allowances. At Saint Helena, although the rule is observed with respect to the military, although it is a colony avowedly belonging to the East India Company, officered by their civilians, and garrisoned, in a great measure, by their troops, the navy receive no extra allowance whatever.

If in India it be considered just and fair to the navy, to grant the additional pay as a remuneration

for distant service, or its generally unprofitable sameness, the navy at Saint Helena have a stronger claim upon the consideration of the Company, for the wearisome and uninteresting duty of cruising to windward and leeward. If in India it be granted to meet the expenses of living, how much stronger are the reasons for according it at Saint Helena, where the price of every article of consumption is at least three hundred per cent. dearer than in England; and, as far as provisions are concerned, five hundred per cent. dearer than in India. In Madras a sheep will cost about half a crown, in Saint Helena the price of a *consumptive duck* is *ten shillings!*

It is melancholy to think, that a gallant Captain of the Navy, who after a series of hard services is rewarded with a Post-ship, and as a still greater mark of his merit employed in peace, should, while on this irksome station, where neither credit nor profit can accrue to him, be obliged to consolidate half a week's income in the purchase of a roasted turkey, and a couple of boiled fowls. Such is, however, the case, hard as it may appear. It may be

argued, that Saint Helena, in fact belongs, as far as naval matters go, to the Cape station:—it is true, literally speaking, that it does:—but under the circumstances, instead of one ship being detached from the Cape to the Island, as formerly, when the flag was at that place, the whole squadron, together with the Admiral, are fixed in Saint Helena; which must in every point of view (except the name) be *now* considered the naval headquarters.

It may also be argued, that the residence of Buonaparte in Saint Helena, is no advantage to the East India Company, and that therefore it is not incumbent upon them to burthen themselves with allowances to officers who would not be there, were it not his place of confinement. This, however, is without much difficulty answered, by adducing the fact, that Mauritius, a king's government, with which the Company have no more to do than I have, is supplied with ships from the Indian squadron, and the officers on *that* station, receive the additional allowance;—not from the *Island*, but from the *Company*.

That the necessity of granting an increased pay, has been under discussion, may be easily ascertained, by observing, that the Admiral receives an allowance of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, as table-money, in addition to his six guineas per diem, as Naval Commander-in-Chief, from the Crown.

As the Company, I believe, pay all their allowances monthly, it might be so arranged, that the naval allowance at Saint Helena should cease from the period at which any ship took its departure for the Cape, at which settlement, the additional pay would neither be expected nor required.

The hospitalities of Plantation House are such, as to render it difficult for a Captain of the Navy often to engage himself on shore any where else ; (except now and then, as in duty bound, to the Admiral), but it is not to the kindness or attention of an individual family, that Officers on service are to be seriously indebted for the evitiation of pecuniary inconvenience.

If these remarks apply to the Captains commanding, how much more strongly so to the Offi-

cers, of the several gun-rooms on the station. In India, I believe, excepting the Captain, the Officers of King's ships do not receive any separate allowance; but a certain sum is granted annually to the mess of each man-of-war collectively. If this were ever done, Saint Helena is of all places in the world, the spot to do it.—Conceive a Lieutenant in the Navy, ranking probably with the senior Captain in the garrison, living at Saint Helena, on £.11 10 0 per month, which, if disbursed in fresh provisions, would barely furnish the moiety of a fowl,—independent of vegetables.

Surely the case has not been fairly represented at home, through the channel most conducive to its success, or there must be some strong reason not immediately evident, for withholding the almost necessary increase of income on the part of the Company, who have always been distinguished as the most liberal and munificent paymasters in the world.

I have to apologise for this digression, but as I treat of the security of Buonaparte, I hope it will not

be taken amiss, either by my readers, or the Officers of the Navy themselves, that I have taken leave to notice the actual inconveniences of some of his most active guardians; but trust, that an effort, however humble, to be useful to that class of men to whom we have for ages looked up as the protectors of our laws, our liberty, and constitution, will be forgiven by all those who enjoy the blessings, they have so eminently tended to preserve.

I have subjoined a copy of the Port Regulations of the Colony, which will serve to shew the rigid attention paid *coast-wise* to the prisoner's security. After sun-set the gates of James Town are shut, and the bridge drawn up, so that communication with the shore is impracticable.—This deserves to be mentioned, as it adds not a little to the *désagrémens* of the junior branches of the Naval service.

I cannot here avoid noticing, that since my return to Europe, I have by chance met with a pamphlet, called, “*Letters from Saint Helena*,” written by the Master of a Merchant ship, to whom

(without then suspecting him of authorship on the subject) I slightly have alluded to in the foregoing pages. This gentleman is a Lieutenant on the half-pay of our Navy ! and was a prisoner in France, and treated with the utmost rigour under the government of Napoléon. It must, however, be allowed, that by his own confessions on the subject, he admits that the severities to which he was for a time exposed, were brought upon himself by violation of parole, and other irregularities of conduct ; and that any government would have been justified in using the coercion he for a time suffered, and from which he was released by order of the then Emperor.

Be all this as it may, his pamphlet abounds not only with insinuations against Sir Hudson Lowe, but with a number of specific charges, all of which it would have been perfectly easy to have combated and refuted, had it been necessary ; but the author has kindly taken upon himself the duty of upsetting, by facts adduced by himself, the very accusations he previously makes ; and, as far as I can see, leaves no one accusation against Sir Hudson

Lowe, unrefuted. He makes them by dozens, but, like Penelope, destroys regularly in one page, the web of aspersions which he has woven in another.

In the outset of his book, he says, that having landed at James Town, and mentioned Napoléon's name, calling him at the same time the *Emperor*, (he might with as much propriety have called him the Pope,) his Saint Helena friend cries, "Hush, "hush—don't speak so loud; it is a crime to call "him Emperor here, or to say any thing that is "good of him."—This, considering the difficulty of the task, I conclude the friend thought, might have been meritorious. To this our literary schipper answers very characteristically, if not elegantly,— "What, what do you mean?—*Zounds!* am I not "in an English harbour? am I not an Englishman? "I will speak my mind, and that freely, as becomes "one,"—(said feelings, being of course to be expressed in a soliloquy)—" *Those who don't like it* " *may lump it*—come, here's his health in a bumper, he is no longer our enemy."

Well then, the friend having hushed his newly-

arrived guest into a corner when they were alone, lest they should be overheard, invites him to dinner—at which every body's opinion—that is, the opinion of two other Masters of merchant ships, perfectly coincided with the author's; *nobody else speaking*, for fear of some despotic power which bound them; “they all preserved a profound silence, and appeared like so many slaves;” that is, they were all afraid of Sir Hudson Lowe, and Sir Thomas Reade; but with all this extreme awe and terror, when the author asks them what they are afraid of, and whether there are no courts and juries in the place,—“*Two or three at once* of these panic-struck mutes, cry out, each it would seem, by their eagerness, anxious to be heard before his neighbour,—“Oh! you are greatly mistaken; there is no occasion *here* for courts of justice, juries, or trial; our Governor here has it in his power to bundle whoever he likes, without trial, or condemnation, on board of a ship, and send them off the Island. The poor devil's shop, his private affairs, and family, *may go to h—ll* for aught he cares.”

This, considering the state of dreadful apprehension the master of the house (who I take to have been Solomon the Jew, or Porteus the gardener) had been thrown into during the morning, lest they should have been overheard, must have been somewhat appalling to his feelings; for, considering that men were not in the habit of *speaking out* at that time, the prose *trio* detailed above, appears to have been as explicit and plain, as could possibly have been expected.

This, however, as we go on, is nothing in comparison with things which are said in every other part of this awe-struck, tongue-tied Island.—At the 53rd mess, where the author sits over the bottle till two o'clock, the Officers (speaking of whom, he calls them a “set of devilish fine fellows”) enter into a conversation, (probably rather earlier in the evening,) pleasing, instructive, and *liberal*; they, he says, have but a very indifferent opinion of Sir Hudson Lowe, and think, that *some derangement of brain is at times visible*. On another day, (page 49,) “after the wine had circulated pretty freely,” some other Officer related an anecdote of the Gover-

nor, and gave a narrative of his seizing a servant by the collar under Napoléon's window; and a day or two after that, the author makes one of a party of five, "*all of the same political sentiments.*"

The author then dines at a "*little seat*" in the country, where he hears "A MOST HORRIBLE STORY!"—Two gentlemen, (evidently fixtures on this Isle of mystery, coercion, and secrecy, from their having dined with "*somebody*" on it, some months before) told him that *somebody*, when they had dined with him, said, he thought it a great pity Buonaparte's son had not been strangled.—A few days subsequent to this he goes on board of a ship to Tiffin; "*after the madeira had circulated pretty freely,*" one of the gentlemen related a story which must have startled the author, from its close resemblance to his own:—now had he been candid enough to have told the tale of himself, as it really happened, an excuse might have been found on the plea of gratitude for his taking a morning bumper to Napoléon, and for his smuggling papers and documents from the Island, contrary not only to local proclamations, but the Act of Parliament.

But for the specific charges :—

In the first place, a Mr. Manning, drest after the manner of the Chinese, brings some fans, toys, and a couple of bottles of snuff, for Buonaparte ;—about the same time a little bust of Napoléon's boy is sent from England, under the care of the gunner of the ship Baring; and a collection of books for *the edification of Madame Bertrand's daughters* from Lady Holland!—nearly too, at this period Captain Heaviside, of the East India Company's service, appears with a splendid set of chess-men as a present from Mr. Elphinston.

Sir Hudson, through some twenty pages is belaboured with abuse for withholding the bust, hiding the books, keeping back the chess-men, and stopping the snuff;—superadded to which, his infamous conduct in not allowing any person to visit Longwood, proves how necessary concealment is to his black views; and that all comforts are withheld from the innocent sufferers, and their illustrious master, and that they always remain in ignorance of the arrival of any little *soulagemens*.

After all this—after these assertions and declarations of Sir Hudson's tyranny and shameful conduct, we find (at page 52) our old Chinese friend, Mr. Manning, very agreeably engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with Madame Bertrand, "to whom, in the "*space of one half hour*," he recounts his travels through Thibet, and his presentation to the grand Lama; at which precise epoch—upon the principle I suppose, of the appearance of great personages when spoken of—"NAPOLÉON DROPS IN," and then, without restraint, coercion, or any thing which could be uncomfortable, he enters into conversation with Mr. Manning, and displays a wonderful deal of knowledge.

I am glad to take this story their own way, because it proves how unconstrained the prisoner's actions are; but looking at dates, I am inclined to believe, that at the period alluded to, Buonaparte never left his house. I may be wrong in this calculation, and trust I am*.

* At page 37, the author says—"I asked if Napoléon had ever visited the camp, but found, that he had not *stirred out for a year*. Quere—Where did he *drop in* when he saw Mr. Manning?"

Well then, Mr. Manning saw Buonaparte.—At page 53, we find, that on the 10th, the Governor himself went to Longwood, and told Bertrand, that he had some cases for Buonaparte, which had been brought by Mr. Manning, but he had not sent them till he knew whether *he would accept of them*. Bertrand begged they might be sent.—Then Sir Hudson mentions Lady Holland's moral present for the children, and (what the author calls) some "*astronomical playthings*," and adds, that although they had not been forwarded through Earl Bathurst, as prescribed, he would *take upon himself* to send them up also:—then he mentions the bust of the boy, which, coming by the hands of so very inconsiderable a personage as the *gunner* of a ship *without guns*, Sir Hudson was inclined to believe, was of no value, but merely sent out on speculation;—the moment, however, Bertrand says, "that any likeness of a son, must be dear to his father," the bust is sent with the moral books, the astronomical playthings, the fans, and the bottles of snuff:—but Mr. Elphinston's chess-men, and the Captain who brought them—these chess-men, adorned with N's and imperial crowns,

and all sorts of things entirely out of place—what became of them?—the old story of tyranny and oppression.—I concluded, that Mr. Heaviside had been ordered off the Island, and his chess-men confiscated; but, at page 92, we find the Captain proceeding to Longwood with the usual pass, and although the indelicacy of having marks of imperial dignity displayed on the toys, was evident, yet Sir Hudson decided upon sending them up—again *on his own responsibility*.

Now, fairly and candidly, let any man say, what all this proves; that Sir Hudson Lowe, instead of acting with unnecessary rigour, or assuming an arbitrary power over his prisoner, or even *acting up* to his orders, which would have prevented the admission of any of the articles (particularly those from Europe), took upon himself to waive the glaring objection against their admission, and gratify the wishes of the Longwood people. I really do think, that the author of the Letters could not have proved the *personal* attention paid to their desires more satisfactorily by any means than by the statement he himself has made on these subjects.

Further, as a proof that no feeling of hostility or disapprobation existed in Sir Hudson Lowe's mind against the master of the ship in which the bust was exported from England, the author tells us that he subsequently dined several times at Plantation House; and when he quitted Saint Helena, conveyed a strong detachment of the 53rd to India.

But then the *gunner* of the Baring—who is here made of importance, and called by the endearing epithets of “poor fellow,”—“honest tar,”—“poor devil,”—and others of a similar nature, he is produced as an ill-used man;—it is really charming to see such sympathy between masters of merchant ships and gunners. But how was *he* ill-used?—why, notwithstanding the peculiar recommendation of confidentially bringing out a bust to Buonaparte, the poor interesting gunner was confined to his ship?—coercion again—British liberty shackled—Sicilian police. But, at page 109, we find said gunner proceeding, at the suggestion of the author, to Plantation House to dun the Governor for three hundred pounds, which Bertrand had desired he might have.—Here Sir

Hudson gets more mud—more belabouring:—what do you think he did?—nobody, I believe, ever heard of any thing so oppressive:—*he gave the gunner an order on London for the amount immediately.* If that be not tyranny—what is?

In the course of the Letters there is an anecdote of Mr. Fox, at Saint Cloud, finding his own bust with *its nose against the wall*—the point or meaning of which I do not clearly perceive; and another about Mrs. Damer's chiselling out another bust for Buonaparte, and getting a snuff-box in payment; and a third, which the author learned from the Captain of the P. R. storeship—which I presume means Prince Regent;—this, to use a colloquial phrase, is one of the author's own, *fathered* upon this unfortunate wight, and is remarkable only from the leading incident in the hero's adventures. A seaman endeavoured to make his escape from Verdun, and put together a *little bark*, with the branches of trees, covered with linen, which he procured by tearing up his shirt, in which bark he proposed making a *sea voyage*—and then comes

this remarkable passage :—The shirt, however, being unfortunately not sufficient, he went “ into “ a neighbouring village and *stole a sheet*,”—the narrative goes on to say, that Buonaparte was so pleased with the ingenuity of this lad, that he sent him back to England, with a new suit of clothes, and pockets full of money.

But lo ! and behold ! after all the attacks on Government for the interdiction of strangers at Longwood, we find to our great surprise, at page 104, our author himself actually engaged in a personal interview with Napoléon Buonaparte ; who is very picturesquely described as sitting with a three-cornered hat on his head, on the stone steps of his house, the sun setting opposite to him.

The author who declares the power of fascination to be possessed by Buonaparte in so eminent a degree, that every body sinks into admiration, respect, love, esteem, and veneration in the course of one interview (which, by the way, if the case, is the strongest possible reason for keeping him a close prisoner);—this author arrives at Longwood

at a most critical point of time, and finds the two great luminaries of the world, Buonaparte and the sun, engaged in a sort of distant *tête-à-tête*: here his feelings overcome him; much like those of Humphrey Gubbins towards his mistress,—

“ Who, when he got to her,

“ The devil a word could he say !”

He was paralysed, and after looking, according to his own account, vastly silly for a certain period of time, Buonaparte, in his usual *fascinating manner*, gave him a look, which he says implied, “ *there, go about your business:*” and accordingly he retired, not having gained much by his unrestrained interview with the Idol of his affections.

The author gives not more than one other specimen of Buonaparte’s fascinating manners, the opportunity for the display of which offered itself while he was at Elba.—He went on board the Curaçoa Frigate, when they were dancing, and “ perceiving the Surgeon, who was a short, fat little fellow, he,” (it must have been with a sort of *April sensation*), “ *cried, laughing, ‘ Voilà le portrait de*

“ ‘*John Bull*;’—‘ This,’ said the Midshipman who heard him, ‘ set us all ready to split our sides with laughing at the poor Doctor;’ ” and this contemptuous sneer at our national characteristic, this unfeeling wound to an unoffending officer’s feelings, coming from this fellow, is recorded as a specimen of fascinating manners, judgment, wit, and particular good taste.

The author remarks, that except a ribband and a star, there was nothing to distinguish Buonaparte from any ordinary man—why, what did he expect? some *lusus naturæ*? probably of the same nature as the country boy who went to the play when the King was there, and somebody pointed out His Majesty to the lad, who had never had a glimpse of royalty before, “ La,” said he, “ be that the King, “ why where be his arms?”—evidently expecting a lion and unicorn in waiting on the person.

After this interview with Buonaparte, we find our author engaged in another, which, on many accounts, is particularly interesting;—in the first place, (not that I should charge any man with wilful misrepresentation, from a trifling mistake as to

facts or dates,) the author tells us, page 73, that having met Mr. O'Meara at the 53rd mess, he inquired about Buonaparte very particularly, and the state of his health; Mr. O'Meara's answer deserves remark, because it was made (probably in confidence) to a partisan of the prisoner:—he says, “I asked him if it was true that Napoléon had been dangerously ill?” He replied, ‘that few men had a better constitution; that he was very regular in his mode of life, never exceeding either in eating or drinking;—generally cold and calm; that he possessed one of those favored constitutions which nature appeared to have destined for a long life; but that want of exercise, especially on horseback, was extremely prejudicial to him, and that some symptoms of decay were already perceptible; that he was subject to *catarrhs* and *head-aches*, caused by his sedentary life.’

Now here, upon the faith of a decided Buonapartist, we are told, that in July 1817, the *body physician* of the prisoner declares, that bating “some symptoms of decay” *visible at fifty*, he was subject to catarrhs and head-aches, and to nothing

else; for let it be again remarked, the author of the Letters was known to be a partisan (not only by the people at Longwood, but by the Governor), and therefore Mr. O'Meara spoke fairly to him, and told him the truth, which strongly shews the absurdity of Buonaparte's memorandum, where he talks of Doctor Verling's ignorance of his constitution, of that healthy fine constitution, which, according to O'Meara, was only impaired by an occasional cough and head-ache, and sundry little inroads, which a life of fifty years actively spent would make.

But now comes another curious fact; here we have the Author in a *predicament*;—it was at the mess of the 53rd Regiment, probably “after the wine had circulated pretty freely,” that O'Meara told him all this.—When he gets to Longwood, he sees O'Meara there; he goes most anxiously to his room, not because he had met him, and talked to him about the great man, but, (mark the words,) “because he had unfortunately *missed an opportunity of dining in company with him!*”—In his letter of the 5th of July he

has met him at the 53rd mess ; and in his letter of the 20th he has missed the opportunity of dining in company with him. This is curious ; not that I mean to say that this master of a merchant-ship might not have dined with this surgeon of a King's ship fifty times, and no human being would care about it : but it is worthy of remark, because, if O'Meara did say to the author all he states him to have said, the stories of Buonaparte's serious disorders fall to the ground, upon the simple declaration of the very man who is brought to prove their existence ; and if O'Meara did *not* dine with him at the 53rd mess, we may easily estimate all the other *facts* which are contained in these letters by the one which is detected not to be truth ; and how he could have missed an opportunity of dining in company with him, having met him at the mess, I do not see. However, he goes to his room, and is thunder-struck at the employment he finds him engaged in. One would have imagined, by the way it is noticed, that the body physician had been flying a kite with Master Napoléon Bertrand, or playing marbles with little

Miss Montholon : but instead of this, he finds him “pounding drugs in a mortar.” Now, whether his astonishment arose from finding him pounding drugs, or at finding him pounding them in a mortar, does not appear; certainly there does not seem any thing miraculous in the circumstance, nor can I see the bearing of his wonder. Drug-pounding is precisely the duty to which Mr. O’Meara was adapted, and formed part of his professional labours, and the pounding them in a mortar appears to have been the usual and readiest process of pulverisation.

But the most facetious, and yet really the most melancholy part of all this production, is the commencement of the fourth Letter, page 47, in which the author displays his great care for the comfort and prosperity of all his Saint Helena friends. He says, speaking of his correspondence,—“Should
 “you, however, even by any chance, make their
 “contents known, I entreat you to suppress every
 “thing which might, in the most trifling degree,
 “tend to discover my authors, which would infal-
 “libly be the cause of their ruin,” &c. &c.

Having premised that he is anxious not to shew any body up, he begins by informing us how Sir Pulteney and Lady Malcolm were vastly interested about the prisoner, and how Lady Malcolm went to see him, and how he gave her a cup and saucer of the beautiful porcelain of the *Léve* manufactory, (which I conclude means *Séve*) of a very extraordinary pattern, according to the author's literal description of it, "a superb representation of "Cleopatra's needle, and a view of Alexandria 'on it," *i. e.* the needle; and how her Ladyship was so delighted with this cup and saucer, that she brought it down to town herself, and being a lady of great *merit* and *goodness* (which I have no doubt she is) is, therefore,—(that is, because she is *clever* and *good*,) perfectly capable of appreciating any gift of Buonaparte's. That Sir Pulteney should be a Buonapartist seems to be natural enough; for it seems the first time Napoléon saw him, he said, "There is the physiognomy of a real "gentleman;" which, I confess, I should like to have heard said in French; for, except *Homme comme il faut*, the French have no expression to meet

our term of gentleman, and even *Homme comme il faut* does not give the meaning.—The author of the Letters concludes that Sir Pulteney being a very sensible man, and *attached to the interests of his country*, did not choose, whatever his desires might be, to visit Longwood frequently. Here the author confesses that the attachment to Longwood does militate a little against an attachment to the interests of one's country. If he does not mean that, he means that Sir Pulteney was too careful of *his own interests* to betray his real feelings. This compliment—for compliment it is decidedly meant to be, is as awkward a compliment as ever was made, and proves the letter-writer to be like a dirty dog, who bespatters those most whom he likes best.

In the same *cautious spirit of concealment* he tells us (p. 79), that he dined with Sir George and Lady Bingham :—"He is an excellent officer, and "universally esteemed."—Most true.—"Lady Bingham is a charming and affable woman."—Nobody denies it; but she, poor soul, is lugged forward by an observation, that although she has only seen

Napoléon twice, it *appears to the author* that she wishes to have some more intercourse with Longwood; but then Sir George is afraid of Sir Hudson. Nothing can be better than all this. Then there is Mr. Irving and a Major *Fehrgen*! and Captain Poppleton: all these he shews up as ready to say a great deal, and Sir Pulteney and Lady Malcolm at their head—and this he calls shielding the “*poor devils*” from the power of the tyrannical Governor, with whom, in the midst of all this, we find him dining at the Castle.

With much taste and discernment he pronounces Lady Lowe to be a *sprightly* woman; but she is not amiable, nor affable, nor charming, because she is not in love with Buonaparte. The term *sprightly*, applied to an accomplished woman possessing a power of fascination, with which she gladdens every circle of which she is the centre, is, as praise, much on a par with his compliments to Admiral Malcolm’s prudence and Sir George Bingham’s apprehensions.

That Sir Hudson did not speak much at dinner

may be easily accounted for. The author found his oratorical talents damped at Longwood by the sublimity of his companion. The opposite extreme of society sometimes produces similar effects. He states, however, that he was not frightened out of his dinner, which was excellent. This was literally foraging upon the enemy, and the very fact of going to dine with a man from whom he appears to have had at the period an utter aversion and against whose character he was actually employed in writing libels, marks so complete a want of good taste and delicacy, that I quit him at the dinner table never to resume him on the subject of his Letters more, except to observe that his accounts of supplies for Longwood, if correct at the time he obtained them, are perfectly erroneous now as to the quantity ; and that as to the quality of water and bread, I have heard that at the period he speaks of, water was exhibited to strangers of the sort he describes, to carry on the *policy* ; but that the water for the table can neither be green, nor taste of the cask, is evident from the fact that Buonaparte's silver flaggons are taken

daily to the spring at Doctor Kays'. The bread, for the excellence of which I vouch, is, as I before stated, made of the very finest flour, which not being plenty in the island, *the Governor does not use in his own establishment.*

An extract of a letter, given in the Morning Chronicle of the 23rd of February, states, that "no person is seen to speak to Count Bertrand, or even to *poor* Madame Bertrand, as, independent of the proclamation, Sir Hudson Lowe has officially prohibited all intercourse with them."

As far as the first part of this paragraph goes, I may probably have accounted for the shyness of people towards Bertrand, by the statement of his conduct in the affair with Colonel Lyster: for the latter, *it is false*; for shortly before the date of that letter, I saw Lieutenant Jackson of the Staff Corps, Doctor Verling of the Royal Artillery, and Captain Nicols of the 66th, walking with Madame Bertrand, and subsequently with Madame Montholon (who, because she is a quiet good sort of body, none of these letter-writers seem to pity in the least). Two of these officers were in uni-

form, and walking in the Park of Longwood, at the moment while Sir Hudson Lowe was superintending the building of the new house; and clearly, by being then in the society of these ladies, they did not conceive they were doing any thing which could be offensive. Would they have done so had it been prohibited? The most seasonable advice to give to our friends on all these statements may be extracted from Las Casas' first Letter to Lucien Buonaparte, where he judiciously says:—"ONCE FOR ALL, SIR, PLACE NO RELIANCE ON THE NEWSPAPERS, OR THE GLARING ABSURDITIES THEY CONTAIN."

I now take my leave of my Readers, and have only to assure them, that on a re-examination of my statements, I see no one fact recorded which is not given on the best authority. I am aware that anonymous publications have not equal claims on the attention of the world with avowed works. The declaration of a name, obscure and unknown as mine is, would, however, add little weight to my communications. Besides, the publications, the falsehoods of which I notice in the course of the

preceding pages, with the exception of Napoléon's memoranda on Sir Thomas Reade's letter, have all been anonymous. Surely an anonymous defence may claim as much credit as an anonymous attack.

The great truths which I wish to impress upon the minds of all who think upon this subject are those, in support of which I have adduced such facts as I could positively vouch for from my *own personal knowledge*, that the treatment of Napoléon Buonaparte in Saint Helena, so far from being capricious or annoying,—is in every respect (with proper regard to his security) mild and gentle;—that, as I have shewn, the minutest attention is paid to the most trifling of his whims and fancies;—that, as I think I have satisfactorily proved, his table is abundantly and luxuriously supplied; his stables filled with the best horses in the island;—that every accommodation is afforded him in his residence, which is pleasant and commodious;—that his health is perfectly good, and that the climate, which is excellent, has never had a prejudicial effect upon his constitution, but that his complaints on all subjects are the effects of a concerted

POLICY. — That so far from being the man of sorrow in his exile, which he would have it imagined he is, his spirits are good, and his mind, instead of being *abbatû* by the coercion and restraint he affects to murmur at, is actively at work forming contrivances for a removal from Saint Helena.

Convinced, as he is, that force can never move him, and that art, nor stratagem on the spot, can ever succeed with men, whose love of their country and sense of duty are blended with a perfect knowledge of his character, he tries a higher game, and endeavours, upon the faith of his assertions, to work upon the feelings of the world to induce, as it were by acclamation, a change of place of confinement as his only chance of escape. That his gross and shameful attacks upon Sir Hudson Lowe are made against a conviction of the truth, in cold blood, as unprovoked and barbarous as the murders at Jaffa (vouched for, and recorded as truths by Sir Robert Wilson), to carry a point, to gain an end, by the destruction of character, without regard to decency or truth is most evident.

A French nobleman, *of the new school*, told me that he had heard Napoléon say, that the wish nearest his heart when he mounted the throne of France was the destruction (*anéantissement*) of England! His heartfelt hatred of our country (which shews itself in the horror he feels at the sight of a British soldier) is the real source of his hatred of confinement under an English Governor; and by blackening *his* reputation, and stigmatizing *his* conduct, he hopes not only to be removed to some other place, but put under some other guardian.

But let us hope, and hope earnestly, that the Government of England will never be led away by his assertions, till better proof of Sir Hudson Lowe's tyranny or oppression can be found, than in his tirades, or those of Santini or Las Casas. The latter gentleman says, speaking of Sir Hudson, "One man may be capricious, passionate, hasty, cruel, and prone to abuse authority confined to his arbitrary will." If M. Las Casas would look at Longwood, he might find a splendid illustration of his position.

These observations and philippics, although they had a strong effect upon my mind, and do most assuredly deceive the middling classes of people, and have a certain baleful influence over the community when coupled with discussions on the subject at home, can have no weight with the European Powers, whose Commissioners have been on the spot, and must *know* how exactly the reverse of all this is the truth ; and while the truth is attainable, and in a country like ours, where, thank God, fair opportunities are always given for investigation and defence, the English Nation are not likely to be moved to any very violent efforts in favour of the Prisoner.—If Napoléon Buonaparte fancies that he has the smallest influence in our country, farther than the excitement of a desire that he may not be treated with unnecessary harshness, I can only say to General Buonaparte in the last words Sir Hudson Lowe ever addressed to him :—“ GE-
 “ NERAL, I LAMENT YOUR IGNORANCE OF THE
 “ ENGLISH NATIONAL CHARACTER *.”

* This was Sir Hudson's reply to a torrent of the grossest scurrility and abuse of England, and its inhabitants, that the

As for the complaints which he makes, that Sir Hudson Lowe takes upon himself to originate measures, and establish regulations, without previous reference to England, they are perfectly ridiculous. He would from these complaints have us infer that the Governor is neither more nor less than a jailor, who has no power or authority whatever of himself. While Buonaparte is within his limits, he does not assume to have any power over his person or pursuits, witness the facts that he has not seen Buonaparte for two years. That he never sought an interview with him after he declined seeing him voluntarily, and that he never visits Longwood, except to superintend the new buildings, where he is certain of not disturbing the prisoner, or intruding on his privacy; that personage never having *condescended* even to look at the house erecting for him during its progress from its foundation*.

Italian language (in which Napoléon and the Governor always conversed) could afford, and which lasted, on the part of the prisoner, literally three quarters of an hour without interruption.

* In the letter said to have been received from Saint Helena, in which the scurrilous falsehood about Bertrand's

As for issuing orders, and originating regulations, it evidently forms the most important part of the Governor's duty, as far as they relate to the better security of his charge; but according to Buonaparte's doctrine, if Sir Hudson Lowe find a spy in the bosom of the Longwood establishment, or discover a dangerous conspiracy on foot, he be to wait six or seven months for a reply to his representations home, before he take any means of scotching the serpent, or crushing the machinations with which he may have found him inter-

phaeton was inserted, it is said that the house is building in a hollow, in a bad situation, will cost thousands, and not be finished for four years. In answer to these assertions, it may be necessary to remark, that building any house is generally attended with expense; but that if the writer of the letter had considered for a moment, he would not have censured the position of the house as being in a hollow. The trade wind during part of the year blows with a certain degree of strength, and it will be found that all the houses in Saint Helena are carefully contrived so as to have the front towards the South-East sheltered. On this quarter of the new house the ground rises considerably, and the spot was chosen more particularly from the fault which Buonaparte found with his present residence, that during the seasons when the trade wind blows fresh it is too much exposed. As to the time it will require to finish the building, I state from the authority of the persons employed on it, that it will be ready for papering and decorating in *April next*!

coiled. The man appointed to keep Napoléon Buonaparte secure *must have* discretionary powers. The rapid shiftings of his attacks require rapid counteraction. That he is all artifice, all policy, he does not even affect to conceal; dilatory steps and half measures are not the means by which the workings of a mind like his, solely directed with all its energies to one point, are to be opposed. In whose hands, then, could the necessary powers be better placed, than in those of one who unites with the mildest manners, firmness of decision, clearness of mind, and quickness of apprehension. Attached to Prince Blücher through a march of conquests, Sir Hudson Lowe has seen enough of the public career of Bonaparte to enable him to gaze stedfastly on him, and not be dazzled; of his private disposition, and the sinuosities of his character, he is master. Add to these qualities the unceasing and unwearied attention to the great object, his safe custody, and the desire to soften, as much as is consistent, the rigour of a confinement imposed by the Kings of the earth on a general enemy to mankind; and little reason will be found, for the sake of humanity, the honour of our national cha-

racter, or the safety of the prisoner, to induce a change in the place of confinement, the Governor in charge, or the regulations adopted regarding him.

Unconnected in the remotest degree with Sir Hudson Lowe, neither seeking his favour, nor fearing his anger, I speak this impartially and sincerely, from conviction founded on close observation; his firmness of duty to his Prince and country, the fortitude of a clear conscience, and the strength of his integrity, will maintain this Governor against the malice of party, or the cavillings of discontent. And indeed, while Napoléon Buonaparte is by every favourable opportunity saluted with the best regards of an *Opposition Duke*, and receives presents and marks of high esteem from an *Opposition Baron*, it cannot much mortify his guardian (however courteously remembered privately by these noblemen,) to find himself the object of attack for men of the same views and the same principles, whether in Spa-Fields, Covent Garden, or the more exalted assemblies of Westminster!

WITHIN the last few days some additional Letters from Count Las Casas have been offered to the world.—Had there been any thing in them worthy of observation, I should have delayed this publication to have noticed it. They turn out to be part of a correspondence three years old, and merely serve to mark the intemperate insolence of their writer, and the extraordinary forbearance of the Governor, to whom they are addressed.

An additional Letter, said to be from Bertrand, dated August 1818, is introduced into the collection, which appears to be a factitious composition, corroborative of the statements made in the “Letters from Saint Helena,” and made up *from* the intelligence furnished by the author of them.—Precisely the same ideas present themselves, precisely the same subjects of attack are broached, and nearly in the same words.—What strengthens the doubts as to the authenticity of this Letter, is, that M. Las Casas boasts that *his* infringement of

the regulation against smuggling letters is the only one which can be established. Now, if this letter could be traced to Bertrand, it would afford another example of the same violation, and it would moreover be the duty of Sir Hudson Lowe to send him off the Island the moment he could ascertain the fact. Las Casas himself has furnished a good precedent, and if the Grand Marshal be sent to France, he will, most assuredly, be SHOT by virtue of the sentence of a Court Martial now in force against him. Thus M. Las Casas and his Editor are rather in a dilemma; for if they have *got up* the letter between them, it will lessen the weight of their publication; and if they have not, they have placed the life of their dear Grand Marshal in the scale against the vanity of publishing one of his very stupid and impertinent tirades.

In this letter the literary schipper's story of the bust of young Buonaparte is repeated *totidem verbis*; but a most important piece of information is added, by which we find that Sir Hudson Lowe had fallen under the censure, not only of the EMPEROR and his half of the world, but that even

—Lady Malcolm!!! was disgusted—and who else?—The Commanders of the store-ships at Saint Helena were disgusted too.

What Lady Malcolm had to do with the business at all, is one question.—Who cares one straw whether Lady Malcolm was disgusted or not? is another question.—A third is, What importance is to be attached to the disgust of the Masters of two store-ships?—And a fourth is, How an Admiral's wife, in which capacity alone Lady Malcolm is known, could happen to be so associated?—Sir Pulteney's name is not brought forward as having been disgusted; for, as his eulogist says, “He is a “very sensible steady man, greatly attached to the “interests of his country;” and, excepting the one fact of having selected an enormously large turtle for Longwood, nothing positive appears as to his conduct.

With the highest respect and admiration for the sex, to which Lady Malcolm in her proper sphere is doubtless an ornament, it might have been as well had she taken a hint from Lady Lowe, or any other woman of good sense, and have abstained

from political interference, particularly in favour of the man, whose joint guardian her husband was paid for being *.

Bertrand, in this letter, notices the affair with Colonel Lyster; and, alluding to the challenge,

* There is a sacredness about the very name of Englishwoman, which makes it a kind of sacrilege to hold her up to public notice, even to meet with public approbation. It was this feeling which induced me to withhold many traits of female excellence which might have been recorded in this work. As the opposite party have not the same view, and to prove that proper delicacy on the part of Lady Lowe, did not in the slightest degree interfere with attentions and politeness to the Longwood people, and still further to prove that in spite of all the *published* abuse of Sir Hudson, no spark of improper animosity was kindled either in his breast, or in that of any of his family, I shall take leave to state, that on the 11th of November last, Madame Bertrand sent a note to Lady Lowe, requesting a pattern of dresses worn by her little boy Hudson, in order that *she* might have some made of a similar sort for the young Bertrands; and that Lady Lowe, in the presence of Sir Hudson and a large party indiscriminately formed, lamented that from the lateness of the hour she should not be able to send the dress to Longwood till the morning.—If Madame Bertrand had ever felt the effects of personal disrespect, or violence done to her feelings, would she have sent such a note (only four months since)? or if a disposition to annoy or wound existed in Government House, would Lady Lowe have spoken or acted as she did on the subject?

says,—“ The old man who wrote it must be out of “ his senses.”—This anticipated verdict of lunacy (as soothing as a Coroner’s) is an easy subterfuge;—it has not however succeeded as well as the Count might have wished, for while mounted on the pinnacle to which his presumption has exalted him, and whence he looks down on an old English officer, he is much in the same situation as a man on the top of Saint Paul’s, while every body appears little to him, he appears little to every body.

Much of Buonaparte’s original composition is not to be found in this new publication—the fascination and elegance which he is described to possess in society pervade even his writings, scarce as they are. Take for example a note on Sir Hudson Lowe’s letter, of the 18th of November, 1817. “ This letter, and that of the 26th of July, and that “ of the 26th of October, are *full of lies* !” —There is a quaintness in the style of this imperial memorandum which is pleasing, as a testimony of the finished accomplishments of the illustrious author.

—There is one curious passage in a letter from Las

Casas to Lucien Buonaparte, which is worthy of being extracted.—It cannot but be remembered that Buonaparte every where complains of the Governor's presuming to originate regulations with himself—to alter old restrictions and make new ones ; and through all the writings on the subject it is attempted to be shewn, that Sir Hudson is led into a thousand intemperate acts by personal hatred and violent animosity towards the foreigners :—Now, in page 22, Las Casas speaking of the Governor in confidence, sincerely, candidly, and without disguise to Lucien, characterises him in these words : “ I should inform your Highness, that
 “ Sir Hudson Lowe IS A MAN WHO NEVER
 “ THINKS BEYOND THE STRICT LETTER OF HIS
 “ INSTRUCTIONS, AND HAS NO FEAR BUT THAT
 “ OF BEING BLAMED FOR SWERVING FROM IT.”

A more complete or perfect acquittal from all the charges they are, or have been, labouring to set up against Sir Hudson could not have been recorded, than in this undisguised description of his character.—He does his duty and no more, and his only fear is deviating from his instructions.—

Here is no quibbling, evading, or perverting, and yet see how it agrees with a passage in a letter of the same Las Casas to the same Governor about the same time :—"Characteristic bitterness, native irritability, and personal hatred stimulate all your measures, and NOT the stern necessity of your public duty."

After this M. Las Casas says, that he was treated with every attention subsequent to his arrest, and that Sir Hudson offered to allow him to return to Longwood to await the decision of Ministers on his case. This he confesses he did not do, because, if he had gone back, there would have been nothing to complain of; and the *policy* was to provoke other measures, and furnish grounds for new accusations.—In short, wherever Sir Hudson has swerved from his line of duty, he has relaxed, not increased severity. Of this Earl Bathurst appears fully aware; for his Lordship concludes one of his despatches by pointing out the expediency in certain cases of not "permitting any feeling of delicacy to interfere with the strict execution of his instructions."

With reference to my remarks on the state of religion at Longwood, I observe that Las Casas says he did once ask somebody to mention the subject to the Governor. I was not aware they had gone even so far as this. The reason Las Casas gives for not having made the request is, that he was afraid of being laughed at. This shews a certain degree of consciousness of what public opinion is as to the morals of Buonaparte and his Court.— No man, without a very strong internal conviction of his own unworthiness, could imagine that requiring the aid of a Minister of the Church would subject him to ridicule*.

The introduction to the Letters of Las Casas contains some indecent allusions to the conduct of the Monarchs who have consigned Buonaparte to Saint Helena, which must do more harm than good to the cause in support of which they are written, because the great question of Buonaparte's exile has nothing to do with the subject under dis-

* A Priest has actually embarked for Saint Helena, *at the request of Cardinal Fesch*. Probably this measure has been taken to meet *similar* observations to those which I made at page 78; —at all events, the coincidence is curious.

cussion. All the flourishes about his healing the wounds of France, and fatally trusting to England, might have been spared ; for after wasting many pages in endeavouring to prepossess his English readers in favour of the cause, by abusing the British nation and character, the author is obliged to sink the question before he can commence his attack.

These invectives, coming from the pen of a native of the United Kingdom, are injudicious, and the allusions to the probable purposes to which Saint Helena may shortly be appropriated, still more so :—that they are perfectly nonsensical is no qualification, because every man, however much he may wish (and who does not ?) that Buonaparte should enjoy every accommodation consistent with his situation, must revolt at the insinuation that Saint Helena may become the prison of those to whom, not only the laws and constitution, but the best feelings of our nature, bind us in ties of duty and affection.

The author of the Introduction and Notes, who has betrayed himself by his personal violence against

Sir Hudson, informs us that this officer was *not* born in the United Kingdom, but in some foreign garrison. What is meant to be gained by this information?—If it be the case, it matters little where a man first see the light, nor can he very well be accountable for it: but suppose that Sir Hudson were born on the shores of the Mediterranean—let us go farther—suppose (which is not the case) that his parents had been born on the shores of the Mediterranean before him—what then?—Upon their own system he would not make the worse *English* General for that,—Napoléon Buonaparte was born in Corsica, of Corsican parents, and yet they say he made a great Emperor of the *French*.

With respect to the Introduction, it goes to the old point—removal.—It is this great object which they have in view, and for which every struggle is to be made.—Indeed Las Casas himself (p. 111), in a letter to Sir Hudson, after having said with a sly cunning not likely to deceive his correspondent, “No one amongst us believes escape possible, and “therefore it is not *thought of*,” informs him that

“ as to the Emperor Napoléon, he still continues to
 “ cherish the same ideas and desire by which he
 “ was animated upon his free and confiding em-
 “ barkation on board the Bellerophon, that of
 “ endeavouring to seek tranquillity and retirement
 “ in the United States of America, or even Eng-
 “ land, under the protection of its laws.”

No man however, I should hope, would be weak enough to be imposed upon by the expressed moderation of Buonaparte's wishes—by him who has been (doubtless for some wise purpose) so miraculously exalted, the shade of difference between a residence in Scotland and one in Saint Helena would not be considered an object worthy of the struggle he is making for a change of place of confinement.—With him REMOVAL AND ESCAPE ARE SYNONIMOUS—With his opinion of his own weight and influence, what does escape not present to his view? — Wars, desolation, and murder for his enemies; fame and revenge for himself—the thirst for the latter of which is now added to his detestation of our country, and all his other demon-like qualities. The world should recollect the stake he plays for, and recollecting that, should doubt

every assertion he makes, question every word he utters, and suspect every action he commits. Is it to be supposed that he would hesitate to criminate, even to destruction, those who are bound to shackle his will, and bind him in custody?—Why should he?—Is there more crime in libelling Earl Bathurst, or Sir Hudson Lowe, to carry the greatest point man probably ever had to carry, than in the murders of the Duc D'Enghien, our poor countryman Wright, or the five hundred helpless wretches destroyed in cold blood at one swoop as a mere matter of convenience?—Is the man capable of all this to be believed, with every thing depending on his efforts to escape, in his assertions affecting others, those assertions tending to that object?—Is he who went back from Elba the instant an opportunity offered, to be trusted when he talks of retirement, and living quietly under the laws of England?—He respects no laws—he keeps no faith—COUNTRYMEN! TRUST HIM AND YE ARE DECEIVED. WHERE HE IS, THERE LET HIM REMAIN, AND THE CURSE OF AN OUTRAGED WORLD BE ON THE HEAD OF HIM WHO WOULD RELEASE HIM.

~~he plays for, and should doubt~~

ISLAND OF SAINT HELENA

Port Regulations.

The Ships of the Honourable East India Company, and all other Vessels approaching this Island, being visited by the Boats of the Flag Ship before they are permitted to anchor, it is presumed they are, on such occasion, made acquainted with the Instructions of the Admiral commanding on the Station, for their guidance, whilst off the Island, or during the time they may remain anchored off it, and that they conform themselves in all respects thereto.

The following General Port Regulations are further to be observed:—

I.—The Commanders of the Hon. East India Company's Ships, and the Masters or Commanders of all Merchant Vessels permitted to touch at this Island, are not to land themselves, or suffer any person whatever belonging to their Ships or Vessels to come ashore, until the following Regulations have been made known to all persons on board,—a List of Passengers, and a Roll of the Ship's Company sent to the Governor, and his permission obtained for such as are to land.

II.—The Commander of every Ship or Vessel is required most explicitly to declare in the first instance, whether any Disorder whatever prevails, or has prevailed, on Board, without regard to its being considered by him, or his Surgeon, to be *contagious* or *otherwise*, and report any deaths that may have taken place, and the causes of the same, during the course of his voyage.

III.—All Letters and Packets, for whatever person addressed, residing on shore (except such as come by regular Mails, which are to be sent to the Post-Office), are to be delivered to the Officer by whom these Regulations are communicated, who will leave the same at the Office of the Secretary of Government, where those to whom they are addressed will receive them.

IV.—Should the Commander, or any of his Passengers, or any person whatever on board his Ship, have under his or her charge any Letters, Packages or Parcels, to the address of or destined for any of the Foreign Persons under detention on this Island—it is desired they will make it known forthwith to the Governor himself, putting the Letter or Parcel, if of small bulk, under a sealed Envelope, to his address, and waiting his directions respecting any Package of a larger species.

V.—The Commander of the Vessel only, after these Regulations have been read and published on Board, is at liberty to land, when he will immediately wait on the Governor, if in Town, as well as the Naval Commander in Chief—and if the Governor should not be in Town, will call to report his arrival at the Quarters of the Deputy Adjutant General.

VI.—The Commanders, Officers, and all Passengers who

are afterwards permitted to land, will call at the Town Major's Office to read and sign the Island Regulations, before they proceed to their Lodgings, or visit any House or Person whatever.

VII.—No Passenger or other Person landing from Ships touching there, is to leave James's Valley without permission, for which they are to apply to the Deputy Adjutant General.

VIII.—No Person whatsoever, having permission to land, is to visit Long Wood, or the Premises belonging thereto, nor to hold communication of any sort, by writing or otherwise, with any of the Foreign Personages detained on this Island, without communicating directly his intentions and wishes thereupon to the Governor, and obtaining his permission for the same.—And should any letter or other communication, from any of the Foreign Personages above alluded to, be received by any person whatsoever, it is to be brought without loss of time to the Governor, previous to answering or taking any further notice whatever thereof. The same rule to apply to all Packages which may be received, or attempted to be delivered.

IX.—The Commanders of the East India Ships, and the Masters of all descriptions of Merchant Vessels permitted to touch at this Island, are not to allow any Persons whatsoever, on board of, or belonging to their Ships or Vessels, to come on shore *on leave*, without the Governor's authority, nor is any person to sleep on shore without his permission.

X.—No Boat belonging to the Ships of the East India Company, or to Merchant Vessels of any description, is to land between Sun-set and Sun-rise, nor at any time during the Day, without a proper Officer being in charge of her, and if she is ordered to remain on shore for any purpose, he

must take care to keep her laying at a distance from the Wharf to admit of other Boats landing without interruption. Boats loading or unloading, are to use every expedition to get out of the way of others.

XI.—All Boats belonging to the Company's Ships, or Merchant Vessels of every description, are to quit the shore by Sun-set, and are immediately afterwards to be hoisted in on board their respective ships, except under such circumstances as the Admiral may direct.

XII.—No Boat belonging to a Company's Ship, or a Merchant Vessel of any description, shall board or send a boat alongside any vessel coming in.—No Boat will be permitted to land at any other place than at the Wharf.

XIII.—No Company's Ship or Merchant Vessel of any description, is to anchor at this Island between Sun-set and Sun-rise, nor sail after Sun-set, nor before ten o'clock in the Morning—nor are they to make sail at any time until the Permission Flag is hoisted to each Ship or Vessel.

XIV.—If the Permission Flag should be hoisted to any Vessel a short time before Sun-set, and she not already hove her Anchor up and under weigh, she is not to attempt to move until the signal may be repeated the morning following.

XV.—The Commander of all Ships or Vessels are strictly prohibited from permitting any Fishing Boat belonging to the Island to go alongside, without a Permit, signed by the Governor, or suffering any Boat belonging to their Ship to board or otherwise communicate with a numbered Fishing Boat of the Island.

XVI.—Should a Fishing Boat attempt to communicate

with any vessel, either approaching the Island, or at anchor off it, or with any Boats belonging to such Vessel, the Commander of her, or his Officers, are required to give immediate notice thereof to the Flag Ship, and to the Deputy Adjutant General, taking the No. of the Boat, or detaining her, as circumstances may direct.

XVII.—The Commanders of Ships possessing Newspapers, which may contain late or interesting intelligence, are requested to deliver them to the person by whom these Regulations are communicated, for the information of the Governor, who will cause them to be carefully returned.

XVIII.—No Gunpowder is to be landed without previous notice being given to the Commissary of Stores, and the Master Attendant, in order that proper precautions may be adopted to prevent accidents.

XIX.—No Horse, Mare or Gelding, can be landed without a Permit from the Secretary to Government.

XX.—No Wines of any sort whatsoever shall be landed without a Permit, signed by the Secretary to Government.

XXI.—The Honourable Court of Directors having prohibited the importation of India Spirits, it is regulated, that whoever shall violate this Order, shall incur a Fine of £100. Sterling—nor is Brandy, Gin, West India Rum, Cordials, and the like to be landed, except in small quantities, upon obtaining a Permit for the same, and upon paying a Duty at the rate of 12s. per Gallon ; but the landing of any Spirits, in whatever Quantity, without a Permit, will subject the offender to the Penalty as above.

XXII.—The Whaling Vessels are not to throw their Try-Works overboard, whilst at this Anchorage, under the

Penalty of £50.—half of which Sum will be paid to the informer.

XXIII.—The Commanders or Masters of all Ships or Vessels are to give 48 Hours notice previous to their departure—provided they intend to remain for so long a period. This notice is to be left in writing at the Office of the Secretary to Government, and the Master Attendant, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and two in the afternoon.—The Fore-top-sail is likewise to be kept loose 48 hours previous to the Ship or Vessels' departure.

XXIV.—The Commander or Master of any Ship or Vessel is not, on any pretence whatever, to leave any person upon the Island, or take any person from it, of whatever description, without written permission from the Governor.

XXV.—No Commander, Passenger, or any other person whatever on board the Honourable Company's Ships, or any other, that may anchor at this Island, is to take charge of any Letters or Packets for conveyance to Europe, the Cape of Good Hope, South America, or elsewhere, unless such as are made up in a regular Mail at the Post-Office, or have been received from the Secretary to Government, or the Deputy Adjutant General.

The Commander of the Ship or Vessel will fill up the Report, of which the form is annexed, for the Governor's information, and transmit the same by the Officer who communicates these Regulations.

FINIS.

BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM STOCKDALE,

No. 181, PICCADILLY.

STOCKDALE'S CALENDAR—SPRING EDITION.

*Towards the latter end of April will be published, price 1l. 6s. bound,
corrected to the time of publication.*

STOCKDALE'S CALENDAR for 1819;

Containing,

1. The ROYAL CALENDAR for ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and AMERICA; including complete and correct Lists of both Houses of the Seventh Imperial Parliament; of all the State, Law, Revenue, and Public Offices, of the Army and Navy—Universities—Physicians, &c. &c. upon a more extensive plan than any hitherto published.

2. The COMPANION to the CALENDAR; being An Account of all the Changes in Administration from the commencement of the present Century; Lists of the last and present Parliaments, shewing the changes made by the General Elections in 1812 and 1818, with the Names of the Candidates. A Table of the several Parliaments from Henry VII. to the present time; stating when met, when dissolved, and duration: likewise, a complete Abstract of the Election Laws.

3. The ALMANAC for 1819.

4. STOCKDALE'S PEERAGE of the UNITED KINGDOM for the Year 1819. With the Arms of the Peers.

5. STOCKDALE'S BARONETAGE of the UNITED KINGDOM, for the Year 1819. With the Arms of the Baronets.

PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE,

In 2 Volumes, price 15s.

New Edition, corrected to 13th March, 1819.

STOCKDALE'S PEERAGE and BARONETAGE of the UNITED KINGDOM, for the Year 1819, with the Arms of Peers and Baronets, as furnished by the Herald's College.

Books published by WILLIAM STOCKDALE, 181, Piccadilly.

Price 1s. 6d.

**ELEMENTARY THOUGHTS ON POLITICAL
ECONOMY.**

By JOSEPH D. BASSETT, Esq.

Magistrate of the County of Devon.

Price 1l. 1s.

**THE NEW ANNUAL REGISTER
for the Year 1817.**

The plan and arrangement of the literary part of this Work have been very materially altered; and it is confidently hoped that the nature of this alteration, as well as the manner in which it has been executed, will greatly increase the already high character which the *New Annual Register* possesses.

* * As the number of this Work now printed is only sufficient for the Subscribers, they are requested to order their copies to be forwarded immediately.

Price 8s.

**MEMOIRS of the late LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JAMES
LEITH, G.C.B. with a PRÉCIS of some of the most remark-
able Events of THE PENINSULAR WAR.**

By A BRITISH OFFICER.

"Idoneus quidem meâ sententiâ, præsertim quum et ipse eum audiverit, et scribat de mortuo; ex quo nulla suspicio est amicitie causa eum esse mentitum."

Cicero.

Price 6s.

HENRY AND ACASTO;

A Moral Tale.

By the Rev. BRIAN HILL.

Books published by WILLIAM STOCKDALE, 181, Piccadilly.

A
VISIT
TO THE
MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE,

IN 1817:

WITH

NOTES

TAKEN DURING A TOUR THROUGH
LE PERCHE, NORMANDY, BRETAGNE, POITOU, ANJOU,
LE BOCAGE, TOURAINE, ORLEANOIS, AND THE
ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

BY

W. D. FELLOWES, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS COLOURED ENGRAVINGS,
FROM DRAWINGS MADE ON THE SPOT.

SECOND EDITION.

“ All that we have hitherto heard, all that we have imagined, of the austerities practised in this Convent, falls infinitely short of what we now find to be the case. The gloomy and almost inaccessible situation chosen by this strange fraternity for their Convent—their rigid separation from human intercourse—the infrangible taciturnity imposed upon themselves, and the terrible severity of their penances, are certainly circumstances more resembling the visionary indulgence of fantasy and fiction, than actual realities to be met with among living men, and in the present day. With regard to La Vendée, Mr. Fellowes has given such historical illustrations of its wars, and the character of its inhabitants, and has also enriched his book with such beautiful views of many of the places mentioned by Madame de la Roche Jaquelin, as will render that Lady's Memoirs still more valuable. We did purpose giving a few extracts; but the whole narrative is so well connected, and every page awakens such deep interest, that we cannot be too strong in our recommendation.”

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS

Are given as Specimens of this interesting Work.

Page 7.—CONVENT OF LA TRAPPE.

THE track was now and then diversified by the ruins of a solitary cottage, or the mouldering remains of a crucifix, raised by pious hands to mark some event, or to guide the traveller; and after traversing a rocky plain, covered with heath and wild thyme, where some herds of sheep and goats were browsing, attended by the shepherd, we entered the Forest of Bellegard. This forest spreads over a large extent of country, and is so dark and intricate, that those best acquainted with it frequently lose their way. No vestige of human footsteps or of the track of animals appeared; a mark, here and there, on some of the trees, was the only direction! Pursuing our way through turnings and windings the most perplexing, we found ourselves to be on the overhanging brow of a hill, the descent of which was so precipitous, that we were under the necessity of dismounting; and by a winding path, hollowed out in its side, descended through a sort of labyrinth towards the valley, whose sides were clothed with lofty woods, rising one above the other. The valley itself is interspersed with three lakes, connected with each other, and forming a sort of moat around the ground; in the centre of which appears the venerable abbey of La Trappe, with its dark gray towers, the deep tone of whose bell had previously announced to us, that we had nearly reached our journey's end.

The situation of this monastery was well adapted to the founder's views, and to suggest the name it originally received of La Trappe, from the intricacy of the road which descends to it, and the difficulty of access or egress, which exists even to this day, though the woods have been very much thinned since the revolution. Perhaps there never was any thing in the whole universe better calculated to inspire religious awe than the first view of this monastery. It was imposing even to breathlessness. The total solitude—

the undisturbed and chilling silence, which seem to have ever slept over the dark and ancient woods—the still lakes, reflecting the deep solemnity of the objects around them,—all impress a powerful image of utter seclusion and hopeless separation from living man, and appear formed at once to court and gratify the sternest austerities of devotion—to nurse the fanaticism of diseased imaginations—to humour the wildest fancies—and promote the gloomiest schemes of penance and privation!

In descending the steep and intricate path the traveller frequently loses sight of the abbey, until he has actually reached the bottom; then emerging from the wood, the following inscription is seen carved on a wooden cross:—

C'est ici que la mort et que la vérité
Elèvent leurs flambeaux terribles;
C'est de cette demeure, au monde inaccessible,
Que l'on passe à l'éternité.

A venerable grove of oak trees, which formerly surrounded the monastery, was cut down in the revolution. In the gateway of the outer court is a statue of Saint Bernard, which has been mutilated by the republicans: he is holding in one hand a church, and in the other a spade—the emblems of devotion and labour. This gateway leads into a court, which opens into a second enclosure, and around that are the granaries, stables, bake-house, and other offices necessary to the abbey, which have all been happily preserved.

Owing to the fatigue of the journey, the heat of the weather, and having frequently been obliged to retrace our steps, from losing our way in the woods, it was late before we arrived at the abbey. To the west, under the glow of the setting sun, the forests were still tinged with the warmest yet softest colour that faded fast away; and as we descended towards the Convent, quickening our pace to reach it before

the last gleams of evening departed, there was a silence around us, which at such a moment, and in such a spot, sunk sorrowfully upon the heart ! Just as I reached the gate the bell tolled in so solemn and melancholy a tone that it vibrated through my whole frame, and called strongly to mind the beautiful lines in " Parisina :"

The Convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow ;
In the gray square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro,
Heavily to the heart they go !

On entering the gate, a lay-brother received me on his knees ; and in a low and whispering voice informed me they were at vespers. The stillness and gloom of the building—the last rays of the sun scarcely penetrating through its windows—the deep tones of the monks chanting the responses, which occasionally broke the silence, filled me with reverential emotions which I felt unwilling to disturb : it was necessary however to present my letter of introduction, and Frère Charle, the secrétaire, soon after came out, and received me with great civility. He appeared a young man about five-and-twenty, with a handsome and prepossessing countenance. He informed me that the Père Abbé was then absent, visiting a convent of Female Trappistes, a few leagues distant, but that he should be happy to shew me every attention ; and requested that in going over the Convent, I would neither speak nor ask him any questions in those places where I saw him kneel, or in the presence of any of the Monks. I followed him to the chapel, where, as soon as the service was over, the bell rung to summon them to supper. Ranged in double rows, with their heads enveloped in a large cowl, and bent down to the earth, they chanted the grace, and then seated themselves. During the repast one of them, standing, read passages from Scripture, reminding them of death, and of the shortness of human existence : another went round the whole

community, and on his knees kissed their feet in succession, throwing himself prostrate on the floor at intervals before the image of our Saviour; a third remained on his knees the whole time, and in that attitude took his repast. These penitents had committed some fault, or neglected their religious duties, of which, according to the regulations, they had accused themselves, and were in consequence doomed to the above modes of penance.

The refectory was furnished with long wooden tables and benches; each person was provided with a trencher, a jug of water, and a cup, having on it the name of the brother to whom it is appropriated, as Frère Paul, Frère François, &c. which name they assume on taking the vow. Their supper consisted of bread soaked in water, a little salt, and two raw carrots, placed by each; water alone is their beverage. The dinner is varied with a little cabbage or other vegetables: they very rarely have cheese, and never meat, fish, or eggs. The bread is of the coarsest kind possible.

Their bed is a small truckle, boarded, with a single covering, generally a blanket, no mattress nor pillow; and, as in the former time, no fire is allowed but one in the great hall, which they never approach.

Within these three years a small cabaret has been built near the Convent for the accommodation of those who may occasionally visit it, the buildings that remain being but barely sufficient for their own members, which have been rapidly increasing since its restoration. In this cabaret I took up my abode for the night, in preference to the accommodation very kindly offered me by Frère Charle, and retired to rest.

ENVIRONS OF PARIS.—CEMETERY OF PÈRE
LA CHAISE, &c.

Among the many interesting objects that presented themselves at my first visit, was the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse, which had not long since been removed from the convent of the Augustins, where I had seen it in 1815.

At a little distance, to the left of the former, was the burial place of Labédoyère. The fate of this brave and unfortunate officer is well known; his youth, and misled zeal, have procured him a sympathy which his fellow-sufferer Marshal Ney did not find, and did not merit.

The following words were engraved on a plain marble slab that covered the remains of Marshal Ney.

CI GÎT
LE MARÉCHAL NEY
DUC D'ECHLINGEN
PRINCE DE MOSCOWA
DÉCÉDÉ le 7, Decembre, 1815.

The grave of the Marshal, as well as that of Labédoyère, when I again visited the spot, had been stripped of every thing, and the railing around them removed so as to prevent any one from discovering the place of their interment.

The monument of Madame Cottin, the author of Elizabeth and of Mathilde, is, like her writings, simple and affecting!—Surrounded by a trellis work in the form of an arbour, planted with rose trees, stands a pillar of the whitest marble, highly polished, inclining forwards, and engraven with

ICI REPOSE
Marie-Sophie Risteau
Veuve de J. M. Cottin
Décédée le 25 Août.
1815.

Near this is the tomb of the esteemed and celebrated poet Delille, the "Songster of the Gardens," as the French term him. The monument is enclosed in a small garden, planted with the choicest flowers and shrubs: it is of white marble, of large dimensions, and approached by an *allée verte*. The door leading to the vault is of brass, with emblematical figures in relief: above the entrance is inscribed in letters of gold,

JACQUES-DELILLE.

The linden tree, intermixed with various evergreens, form an interesting and beautiful bouquet around it.

Beyond this, to the right, are the tombs of Grétry the composer, Fourcroy the great chemist, Fontenelle, Boileau, Racine, and of Mademoiselle Raucourt, the celebrated actress, to whom the bigotry of the clergy refused burial in consecrated ground in 1815! a circumstance which gave rise to much clamour and dissatisfaction. It is surprising, that after such events as have been experienced in France, the folly of denying the right of consecrated ground to a comedian should have been persevered in, *after the restoration of Louis xviii!*

The tomb of my early friend and brother officer, the brave and unfortunate Captain Wright, who was murdered in the temple, is in the cemetery of Vaugirard. I had searched for it in vain at Père la Chaise, where it was reported he had been buried. It has on it the following inscription, written to his memory by his companion in arms, and in imprisonment, the gallant Sir Sidney Smith:

HERE LIES INHUMED

JOHN WESLEY WRIGHT,

BY BIRTH AN ENGLISHMAN,

CAPTAIN IN THE BRITISH NAVY,

Distinguished both among his own Countrymen and Foreigners

For skill and courage ;

To whom,

Of those things which lead to the summit of glory

Nothing was wanting but opportunity.

His ancestors, whose virtues he inherited,

He honoured by his deeds.

Quick in apprehending his orders,

Active and bold in the execution of them.

In success modest,

In adverse circumstances firm,

In doubtful enterprises, wise and prudent.

Awhile successful in his career,

At length assailed by adverse winds, and on an hostile shore,

He was captured ;

And being soon after brought to Paris,

Was confined in the prison called the Temple,

Infamous for midnight murders,

And placed in the most rigid custody :

But in bonds,

And suffering severities still more oppressive,

His fortitude of mind and fidelity to his country

Remained unshaken.

A short time after,

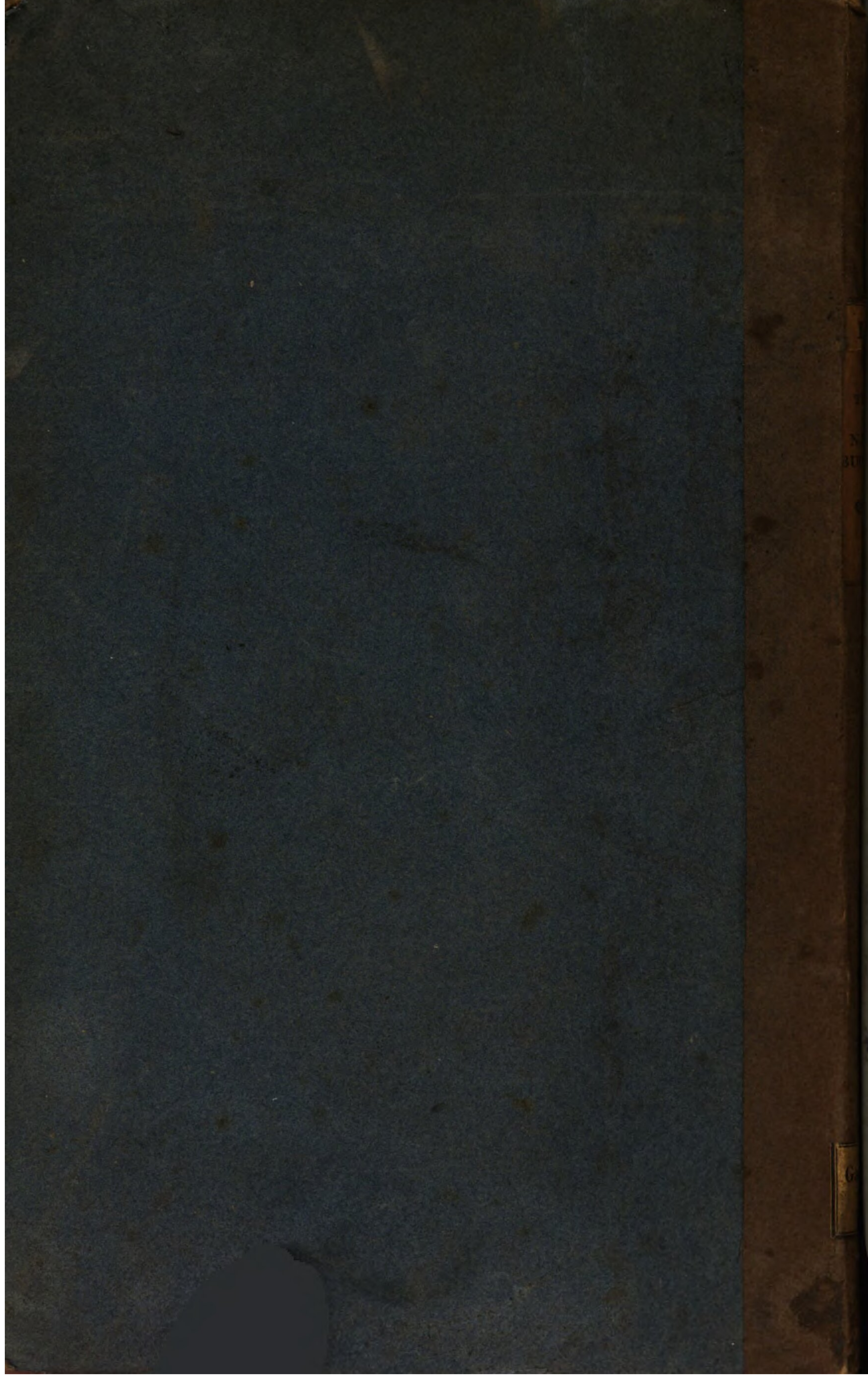
He was found in the morning with his throat cut,

And dead in his bed.

He died the 28th October, 1805, aged 36.

To be lamented by his Country,

Avenged by his God !



Facts illustrative of the Treatment of Napoléon Buonaparte in Saint Helena
being the result of minute inquiries and personal research in that island
With 3 views

London 1819

Gall.rev. 347 k

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10421789-4